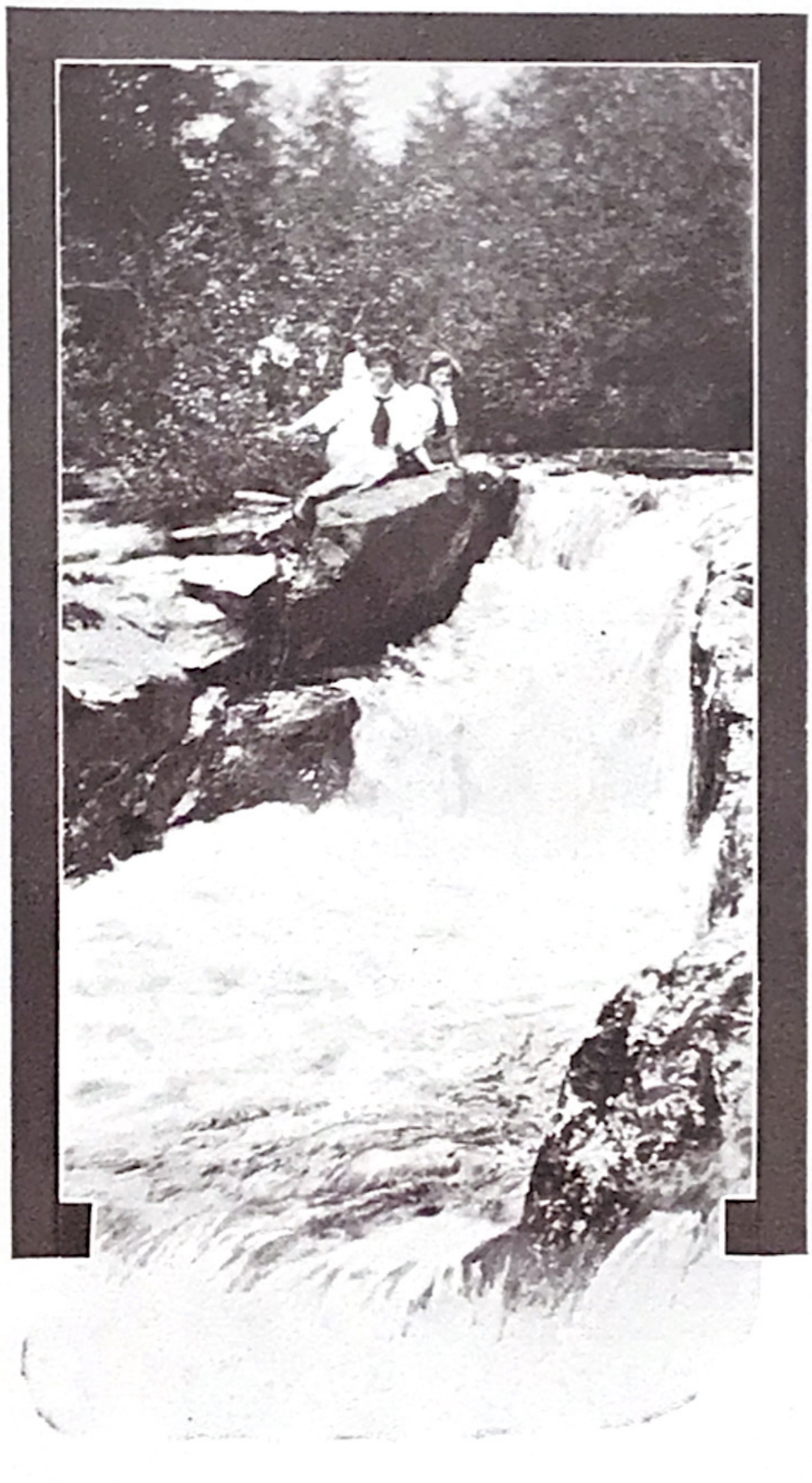
LYRIC POEMS

Selected by

The Lakamas

VOLUME I



Published by the

CLASS of NINETEEN SEVENTEEN

CAMAS HIGH SCHOOL

Camas, Wash.

Dedication

✣✣✣

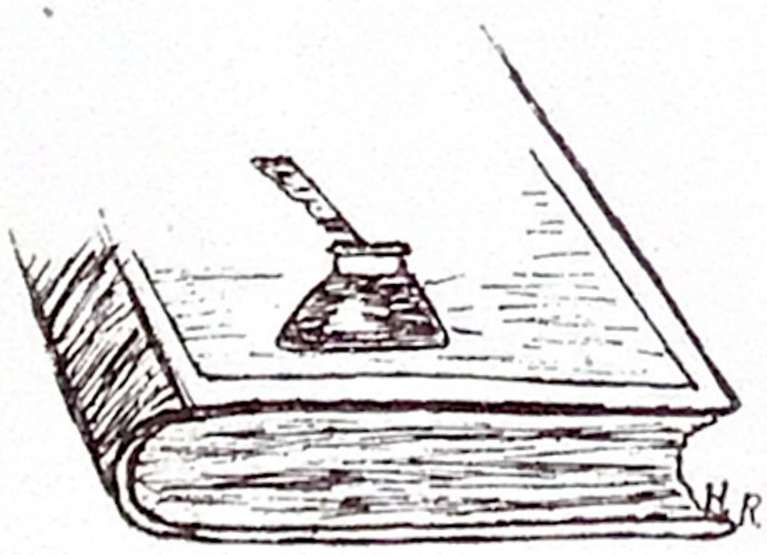
To our parents, to the friends of Camas High School, who make our educational opportunities possible, and to the graduating class of 1916, this, the first volume of The Lakamas, is sincerely dedicated.

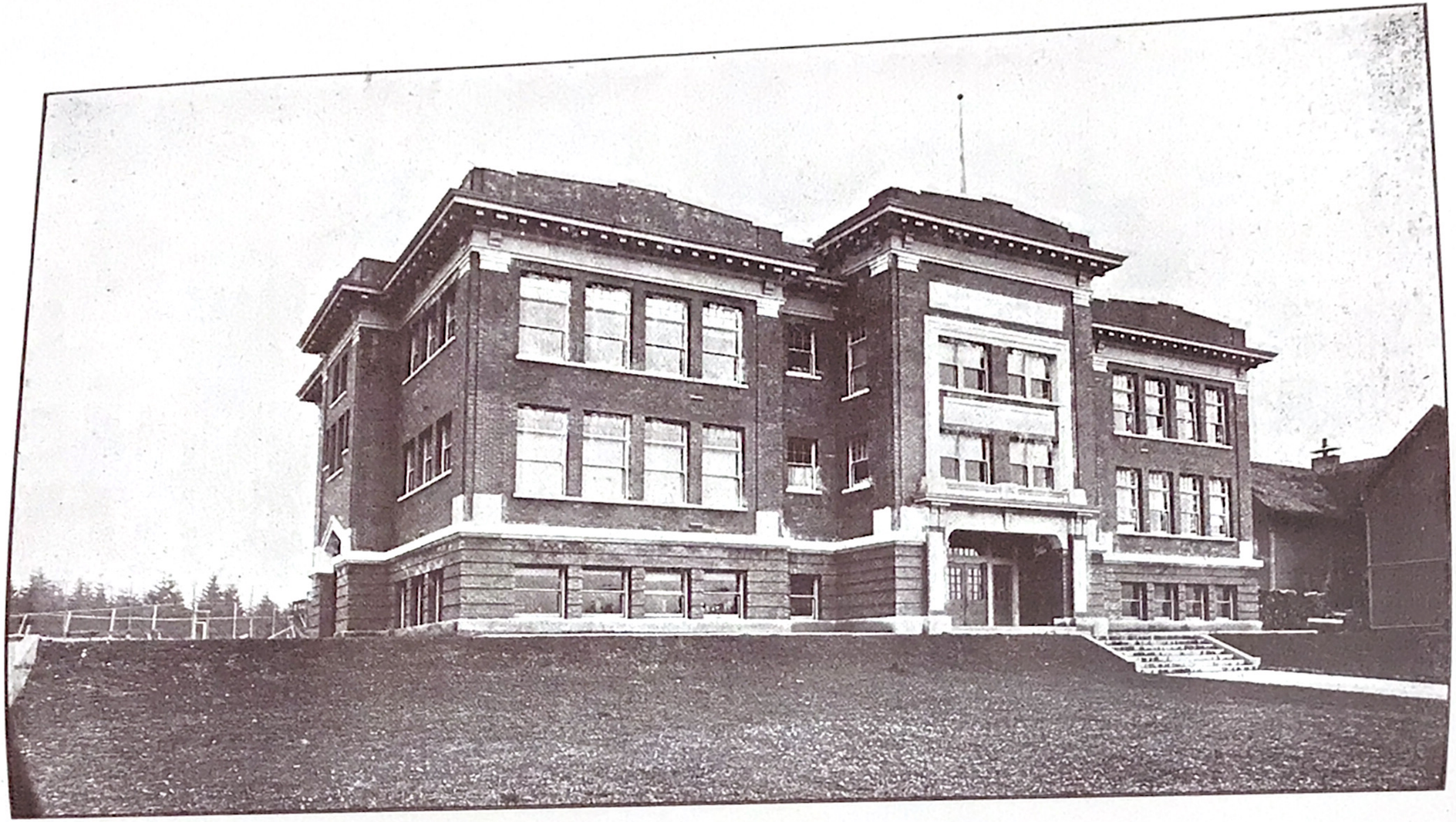
Editorial

The first volume of the Lakamas is in your hands. If its appearance contributes in but the slightest measure to the upbuilding and progress of Camas High School, if, because of it our students become more loyal and memories of schooldays more pleasant, we, the class of 1917, are glad to have had the responsibility of its publication. It is our hope that the worth of this edition, though small, may make another edition a necessity.

We wish to say a hearty "Thank You" to all who have assisted us in any way, especially for the co-operation of the English and Drawing departments and their heads, for the support of the student-body financially, for the assistance of the Senior boys.

Here's to Volume II.





CAMAS HIGH SCHOOL

Our Grand Old Camas High

There's no high school like Camas
With its students with hearts so glad,
There are others that try to pass us,
But we can beat them bad.
Our boys have played at football,
And victories have they won,
And as for our debaters,
Great wonders have they done.

We have the best of teachers,
To our grand old high they're true,
And though their tasks are many,
Their failures are but few;
They have done their best for Camas,
And helped it win its fame,
It surely has more honors
Than other schools can claim.

Then by leaving off all fooling
And laying all jokes aside,
You'll not find a school that beats it,
No matter how you've tried;
So our grand old Camas High-school
May be just what it will,
With all its faults and failures
It is my High-school still.

—Joseph B. McAllister, '18.

Our Grand Old Camas High

There's no high school like Camas
With its students with hearts so glad,
There are others that try to pass us,
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Our boys have played at football,
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It surely has more honors
Than other schools can claim.

Then by leaving off all fooling
And laying all jokes aside,
You'll not find a school that beats it,
No matter how you've tried;
So our grand old Camas High-school
May be just what it will,
With all its faults and failures
It is my High-school still.

—Joseph B. McAllister, '18.

History of Camas

Camas is situated in the Southeastern part of Clarke County, twenty-four miles Northeast from Portland, and it is located on the Columbia River. In the distance can be seen the snow covered peak of Mt. Hood and the river lazily winding its way to the never ending ocean. Far back on either side mountains are covered with trees that stretch their giant tops upward, and so we say, "Camas is nestled among the firs."

During the early history of our town it was called La Camas. This name is original as La means "the" and Camas means "root." This root was an herb that was used as a food in the early days by the Indians. The name has since been shortened and our town is now called Camas.

The La Camas Colony Company, representing H. L. Pittock and W. P. McFall, purchased land on which the town is located, also water power site and practically all the land around La Camas Lake and Round Lake, in the early summer of 1883. Near the foot of Round Lake, they erected a mill which was used to saw out lumber for the buildings in La Camas and for the first paper mill. This paper mill consisted of a three story wooden structure of eighty feet by one hundred and thirty-two feet and a two story structure of fifty-six feet by one hundred and fifty-six feet, besides sheds, a boiler house and other buildings. This mill was commenced in the spring of 1884 and completed in the spring of 1885.

In November 1886, the buildings were completely destroyed by fire. The present mill was rebuilt and commenced making paper in the fall of 1887. Other additions and improvements have been added since.

The first store was opened by A. E. MacMaster in August 1883, in a fourteen feet by twenty feet room, in the front of the building now used as a boarding house, directly East of the present store of MacMaster and Company, on Third Street. Another store was opened by C. H. Hodges, who commenced business in 1884, in a small building now destroyed, on the Southeast corner of Fourth and Clark Street.

The first church erected was the buliding which is now used by the Presbyterians, and it was occupied in the year 1887. The Evangelical Denomination built the second church in 1887, and it is still in use by the German Lutherans. In addition, there are now the Baptist, Catholic, Methodist and Christian churches.

The first school house was a small box building situated on lot seven, block thirty-three. Elizabeth MacMaster, who is now Mrs. A. Duffin, was the first and only teacher of that small group of children. Many years have passed since then; and it was in January 1913 that our high school building was completed, and she now stands as a monarch of all overlook-

ing the entire valley. At present there are eighteen teachers, including the superintendent. The total enrollment of pupils is five hundred and twenty, and the estimated population of Camas is eighteen hundred.

The first post office in this vicinity was situated at Washougal, as boats did not stop here. The first La Camas postmaster awas A. F. Mills, who had his office in the store which was owned by A. E. MacMaster.

The captain of the first steamer, Calliope, that ran between La Camas and Portland, was Captain Joe Burgy. The Calliope made tri-weekly trips. At that time the only way to travel was by boat. Starting at seven or eight o'clock in the morning it practically took two days to make the trip, that is, one going and one coming. Included in this two-day trip there was left only about five or six hours to spend in Portland. The fare was a dollar each way. The Calliope landed quite a distance below where the paper mil 's saw mill is located. At present the two boats running are the Jesse Harkins, which carries passengers, and the Ione, which carries both passengers and freight.

The Spokane, Portland and Seattle Railroad was completed and started running, May 1908. During the building of the railroad, especially when the construction of the railroad neared Camas, it was a general gathering p ace for every day of the week. On Sundays grouped parties were gathered everywhere near the track or the vicinity near by, and it was the regular road for all afternoon walks. It is impossible to imagine the dense cowd and the excitement which reigned over all when the first train went through! It is conceded by the railroad men that this railroad is one of the best constructed roads in the United States. Mr. Hill, a great rai road magnate, offered a wager that he could run a train from Pasco to Vancouver without power. This goes to show that there is a slight continual down grade.

Within the last few years we have had some city improvements and additions. The street improvements have added a great deal to the looks of our town as well as to the sanitary conditions. In 1914, the children's playground was fitted up with swings, teeter-totters and sand boxes. This playground has given the children an opportunity of spending many happy hours.

Our industrious town of Camas is situated on one of the most beautiful locations, and is surrounded by an unlimitable area of evergreen trees. The modern improvements, our high school building, which speaks well for our town, the interest taken by all students, and the ambitious attitude of every citizen arouses the jealousy of our neighboring towns.

Esther Newquist, '18.

SUPERINTENDENT E. E. JONES

Faculty

M. M. McINTOSH, B. Ped.

N. W. Penn. State

Principal

Mathematics

ELSIE ANDREWS, A. B.

University of Wash.

English

GERTRUDE GWILYM, A. B.

University of Wash.

Language

STELLA HODGINS, A. B.

University of N. Dakota

Domestic Science

LOUISE NAGLE

Holy Names Academy, Spokane

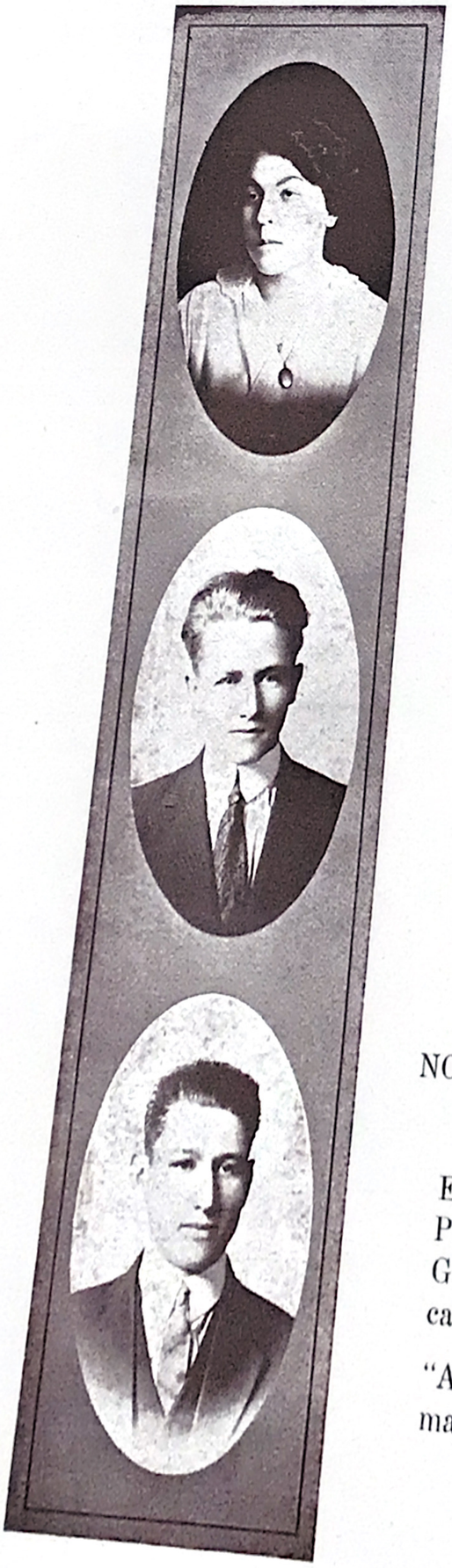
Muisc and Drawing.

G. R. McINTIRE, B. S.

McMinneville College

Science and Manual Training

"We strive not to equal, but to surpass"



UNA LAURENA BARTOW.

Industrial Arts.

Entered from Camas Grammar School, 1911. Treas. G. A. C. (1), Class Sec. and Treas. (II, IV), Interclass Debate (IV), Glee Club (III, IV).

"As quiet as a mouse is she, and yet no trap has caught her."

ALBERT LESTER BLAKE.—"Pete."

English.

Entered from Camas Grammar School, 1912. Interclass debate (IV), Football (I, II, III, IV, Basketball (I, II, III, IV) F. B. Captain (III), Glee Club (III, IV), "Posted" cast.

"The superior man is slow in his words and earnest in his conduct."

NOAH ALLAND JONES.—"Nora."

Scientific.

Entered from Eugene H. S. 1915. Class President (IV), H. S. Debating team (IV), Glee Club (IV), Football (IV), "Posted" cast.

"A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."

VEVA ELLA KNAPP.

Scientific.

Entered from Camas Grammar School, 1911. Manager Girls' B. B. (I), Girls' Basketball (I, IV), Vice-Pres. Glee Club (IV), Interclass Debate (IV), Class Editress (IV), Post reporter (IV), Yum Yum Chief (IV), Glee Club (I, II, III, IV).

"Her ready tongue flowed full and free."

JOHN MOCKLEY.

Classical.

Entered from Washougal, 1912. President of A. S. C. H. S. (IV), Interclass Debate (IV), "Posted" cast.

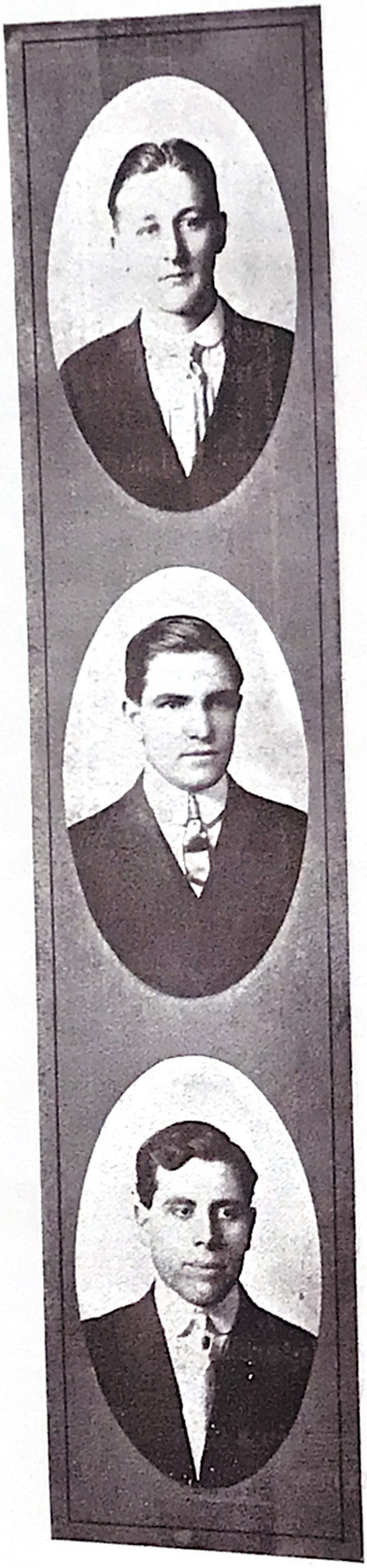
"I love to be alo!ne. I never found the companion that was so companionable as solitude."

ARTHUR HALE MORTON.—"Slim."

Classical.

Entered from Camas Grammar School, 1912. Class President (III), Vice-President (IV), Football (II, III, IV), Captain F. B. (IV), Basketball (II, III, IV), Baseball (I, II), Glee Club (II, IV), Interclass Debate (IV), "Posted" cast (IV).

"There is always hope in a man that actually and honestly works."



LEWIS S. PHILBRICK.—"Ole."

Classical.

Entered from Camas Grammar School, 1912. Interclass Debate (IV), Football (IV), Senior Representative on Board of Control (IV), "Posted" cast.

"Welcome evermore to gods and men is the self-helping man."

Post Graduates

GUSTAV LORENZ, '14.

Football, Basketball.

"It's quality that makes a man, not quantity."

WILLIAM PICKETT, '15.—"Ben."

Football, Basketball.

Alumni representative on Board of Control.

"What is a name? That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

Class Will

We, the Senior Class of the Camas High School, of the city of Camas, the county of Clarke and the state of Washington, possessing sane and solid heads, do hereby publish this document as our last will and testament.

First: We bequeath our enviable reputation as being the class that does the right thing at the right time to the class of '17.

Second: We bequeath our good stand-in with the Faculty, and our ability to make them think us models of innocence and virtue, to the class of '18.

Third: We bequeath the excellent record we have maintained during our high school course to the class of '19.

Fourth: We bequeath our bobsled to the Faculty to have and hold as long as they do not exceed the speed limit.

Fifth: We bequeath our Physics notebooks to the Juniors, as they ought to be good by this time, having been in use the last four years.

Sixth: We bequeath Miss Andrews, our class adviser, to the incoming Freshies, as they will need a good leader over the obstacles they will meet in their high school course.

Seventh: We bequeath our "pep" to John Ashton, hoping that in the course of a few years it will burn into his anatomy.

Eighth: We bequeath all Senior debate material to Hilda Knapp.

Ninth: We bequeath Ben Pickett to Miss Gwilym.

Tenth: We bequeath to the Juniors our positions as leaders in social, political and athletic branches of the school, for it is an honor to be the class that is looked up to by the Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen.

The following are the individual wills of the class members:

I, Arthur Hale Morton, do hereby bequeath my flowing mustache to Leo Leard, and my ability to be silent in three languages to Winifred Champlin.

I, Veva Ella Knapp, do hereby bequeath my chance to get on the honor roll of C. H. S. to Ina Van Camp, and my best text book to Monselle Bartow with my best wishes for a very successful year in that delightful subject.

I, Una Laurena Bartow, do hereby bequeath my high aspiration to be a suffragist to Edith Serier, while my habit of talking when I have least to say, I bequeath to Estella Forbes.

I, the so-called Noah Alland Jones, do very solemnly but firmly, bequeath my knowledge of the German language to next year's German class; second, my "gift of gab" to next year's debating team; third, my chair in the kindergarten to the president of the Senior class of '17; fourth, my sturdy hand shake to Mr. McIntyre; fifth, my bunch of keys

to the Faculty of the C. H. S., and sixth, my Ford graduating ring to Miss Hodgins.

I, Lewis S. Philbrick, being a member of the Senior class do hereby bequeath my knowledge in Latin to next year's class in Caesar. I also bequeath my frisky whiskers to Mr. G. R. McIntyre.

I, Albert Lester Blake, a member of the 1916 class, bequeath my wonderful knowledge of English to any two members of the 1917 class. Second, I bequeath to Lawrence Blair the honor received in football, namely, that of always being the last man to appear on the field. Third, I bequeath to my brother Harold, for safe keeping, Ruby Gardner.

In witness thereof, we have hereby signed and sealed and declared this instrument as our last will at Camas High School, at 1 p. m., on the 29th of February, 1916.

Signed and sealed,

SENIOR CLASS OF 1916.

The said Senior Class of Camas High School, on said day, 29th of February, 1916, signed and sealed this instrument and published and declared the same as and for their last will and testament.

And we, at their request and in their presence and in the presence of each other, have hereunto written our names as witnesses.

ARTHUR THAYER
J. D. CURRIE.

Senior Class Song

Lewis Philbrick. Tune—"Dixie Land."

We're a mighty loyal Senior Class
Because we are so gay and fast
Then hooray, then hooray, then hooray
for '16
We're all loyal to Old Camas High;
To which we come and always cry,
Then hooray, then hooray, then hooray
for '16.

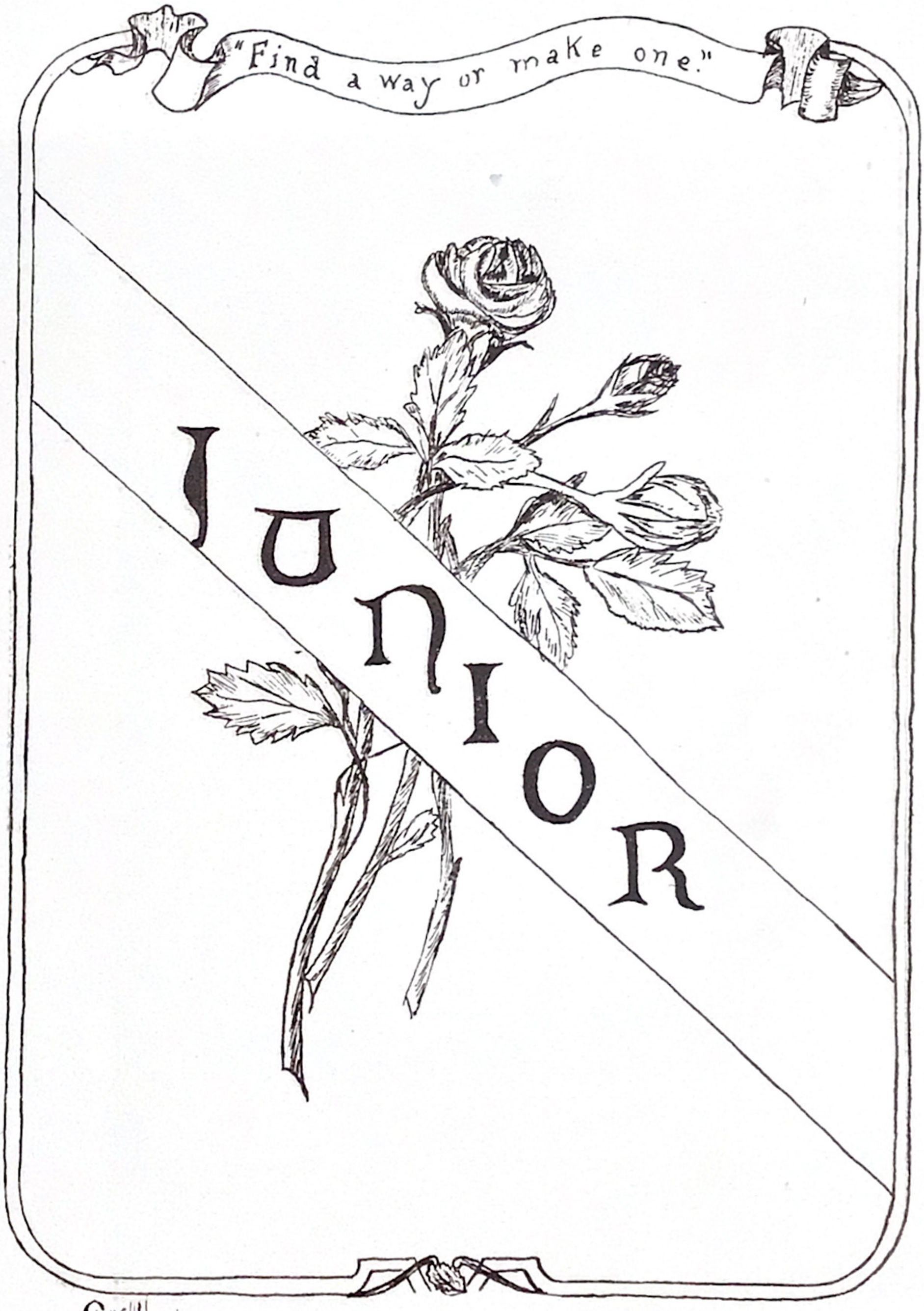
Our strong and mighty class of Seniors
Are just one notch above the Juniors,
Then hooray, then hooray, then hooray
for '16.
We have a fine young class adviser
And no other class has one the wiser,
Then hooray, then hooray then hooray
for '16.

CHORUS

We're a jolly bunch of Seniors,
Hooray, hooray, we are always true
To the Orange and Blue, and also
To our motto, hooray, hooray,
Hooray, for all the Seniors
Hooray, hooray, hooray for all the
Seniors.

We strive not to equal but to surpass,
A nifty motto for a nifty class,
Then hooray, then hooray, then hooray
for '16.
The things we start we always finish
And loyalty can not diminish,
Then hooray, then hooray, then hooray
for '16.

If there's anything that has to be done
It falls to our class the loyal one,
Then hooray, then hooray, then hooray
for '16.
We made a sled, it went quite well
For it beat every sled upon the hill,
Then hooray, then hooray, then hooray
for '16.


"Find a way or make one."
JUNIOR
G. McAllister

Standing—Leo Leard, Monselle Bartow, Miss Gwilym, Clyde Johnson, Hilda Knapp, May Farrell, Edith Serier.
Seated—Ruth Phillbrick, Winifred Champlin, Estella Forbes, Etta Nesquist, Ina Van Camp, Rhoda Sims.

"SOME CLASS! PRETTY KEEN!
CAMAS HIGH SCHOOL—'17"

Junior Officers

President ..... Etta Newquist
Vice President ..... Winifred Champlin
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Ina Van Camp
Facutly Adviser ..... Miss Gwilym

Colors: Old Gold and Green.

Class History

JUNIORS! What a thrill of happiness the sight or sound of that word produces! We shall always cherish with pride the memories of the days when we bore that honored name. When the class of 1917, organized in its Sophomore year, it pledged itself thru its constitution, "to promote a spirit of friendliness and good fellowship among the members of the 1917 class and to work for the best interests of the class and the school.

A few weeks after school had started this year the Junor class met and elected their officers. Etta Newquist was elected president, Winifred Champlin vice-president, and Ina Van Camp secretary and treasurer.

When it was mentioned that the high school should have an annual, the Junior class volunteered to undertake the great responsibility of publishing the first annual of the Camas High School, the Lakamas. The Juniors took charge of the assembly period one morning for the purpose of boosting for the annual. This was accomplished by the members of the staff giving short talks concerning their departments, and by the playlet called, "What an Annual Means," given by the Junior girls. The first question that confronted the staff was the question as to how the finances were to be raised. The Junior girls, true to their class motto, "Find a way or make one," gave two candy sales, netting $17.50. This was the beginning of our annual fund.

In debate the '17 class has been ably represented by Etta Newquist, a member of the negative team. Who will soon forget the way Etta fought to uphold the Monroe Doctrine, and to win with her colleague, new laurels for the C. H. S. We are proud to see her wear the "C."

From the first, we were determined to win in interclass debate. Our interclass debaters were Hilda Knapp, Winifred Champlin, Edith Serier and Estella Forbes. The last debate, between the Juniors and Freshmen, was perhaps the most interesting as it was the last of the series, and was won by the Juniors. We showed our enthusiasm and class spirit by the eagerness with which we gave our class yell as soon as the debate was over. How proud we are to have won the cup presented by Mr. Jones for interclass debate!

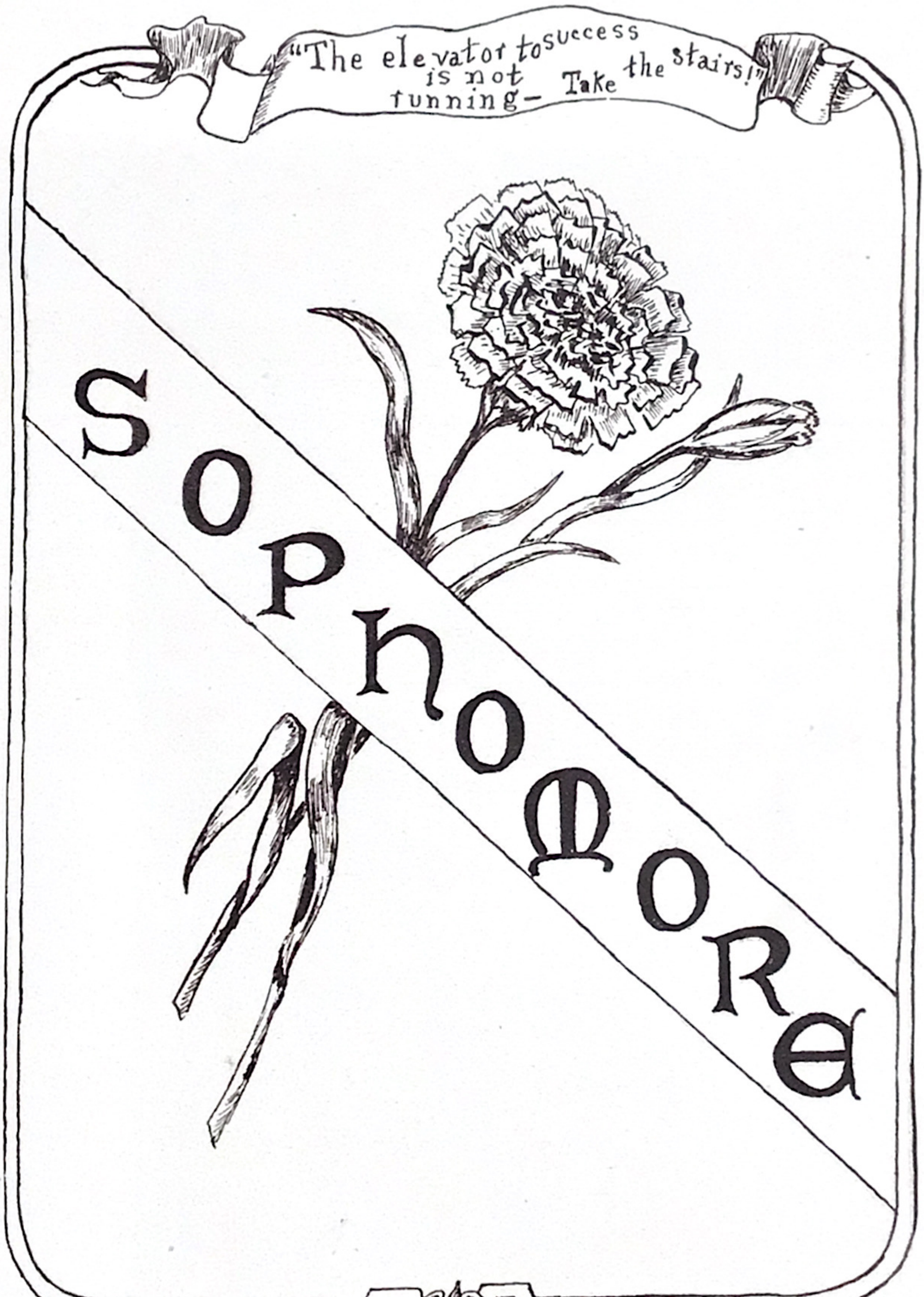
Because the Junior class was so busy, society did not hold as prominent a place as it had in the preceding years. But of the parties held, probably the most frolicsome one was the "Child's Party," at Miss Gwilym's. Another delightful party was an impromptu one given by Miss Gwilym for the Junior girls on the evening of November 12.

We were represented in athletics by Leo Leard, who always distinguished himself on the gridiron, and especially in the game with Vancouver, when he made the only touchdown that was made for Camas. Leo was also captain of the basketball team.

On the Board of Control, Edith Serier was our representative. In the Girls' Glee Club two Junior girls held offices, Ina Van Camp being president and Estella Forbes secretary and treasurer.

And now we are almost Seniors! What dignity shall be ours when we enter the high school for our last year, and how proud we shall be if we obtain our wish—to be the largest class to graduate from C. H. S.! Here's to next year!

"The elevator to success is not running- Take the stairs!"



G. McAllister

STANDING—JOE McALLISTER, LAWRENCE BLAIR, EARL TUCKER, WILLIAM MICKELSON, GERALD HUYCKE, MR. McINTIRE, ALEX JONES, ROSE NEGRETTO, VELMA WATENPAUGH, NITA EDWARDS, MARIE CRAIG.

SEATED—LUCILE TURNER, TRUE PICKETT, EDITH SCARBROUGH, ESTHER REED, GOLDA McALLISTER, CLARA BELZ, RACHEL CHANDLER, HAZEL REED, ESTHER NEWQUIST, ESTHER JONES, MARJORIE DUFFIN.

Sophomore Officers

President ..... Lawrence Blair
Vice-President ..... Alex Jones
Secretary ..... Esther Newquist
Treasurer ..... Earl Tucker
Faculty Adviser ..... Mr. McIntire

Colors: Red and Purple.

Class History

ALL too soon our Sophomore year has ended! We passed from the green Freshmen to the inquisitive Sophomores, and now we move again toward the goal upon which our eyes have been set since the first day of school, the energetic Junior. During the time when we were Freshmen, we passed a successful year, having the rough corners rubbed off and being polished up. This year has proven an even greater one, for we have gained a broader view of school life. We have broken the small spell of Freshmen and have taken a very important step in our development. The spirit with which the troubles of the year have been met speaks well for our class. It is that "do or die spirit" and the ambition to be the best class in school that has made the Sophomore class the liveliest class of all. If our class will carry through next year the spirit shown during this year, our Junior class will be a vast success.

We hold prominent places in both basketball and football. Lawrence Blair made the position of first quarter-back on the football team and dicected the team through one of the most successful years of football in the history of the school. Harry Spencer, the best end that the team has ever had, showed up well, for he took everything coming his way, and was a great trouble to opposing teams in breaking up plays behind their line. The

boys of our class have taken keen interest in cross country runs, for most every day during the spring Joe McAllister, our heavy-weight, could be seen leading the cross country runners over the course.

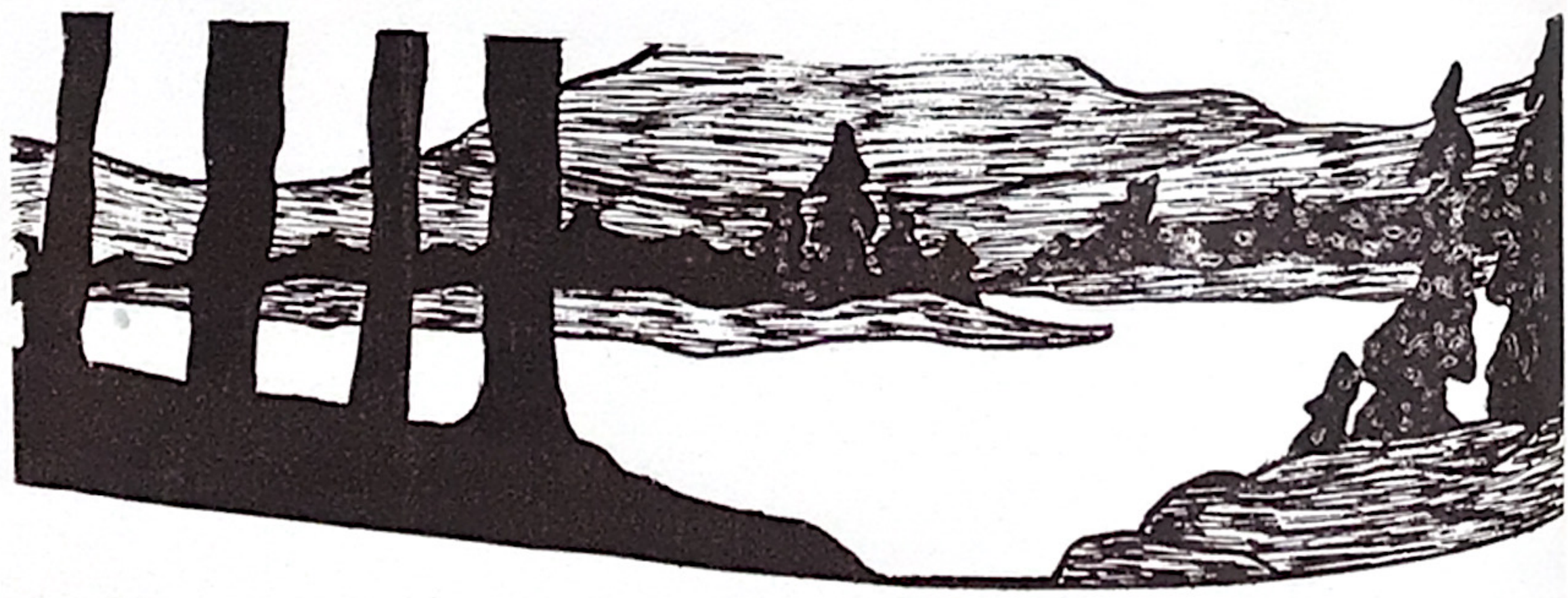
Another one of our attempts was in debate where we were again successful. As only two students entered from each class, we feel proud that both of our entries won out. It is a record that no other class equaled. Both Edith Scarbrough and William Mickelson have upheld the school honor with credit to the school. They were the affimative team. In the interclass debates we lost by default to the Juniors and won by a two to one decision from the Seniors and by the same vote from the Freshmen. Golda McAllister, Hazel Reed and Earl Tucker deserve credit for working so hard to win. But every member of our class deserves praise for helping to boost and cheer those members who took part in the school activities. In scholastic ability the Sophomores set a high mark; with first place won by Esther Newquist with a grade of 95 4-5, Hazel Reed second, Edith Scarbrough third, Golda McAllister fourth and Esther Reed fifth.

In the Student Body organization the Sophomore class was again represented as their organization had as their vice-president Alex Jones, and their secretary, Golda McAllister, both of whom rank high in our class.

Another huge success of our class has been the social activities. The entertainment which stands foremost in the minds of many is the one which occurred on the night of November 19, 1915, remembered distinctly, as some were in captivity the forepart of the evening.

Everything included, the Sophomore Class has had a very successful year and the members wish to extend their deepest and sincerest thanks to Mr. McIntyre for the interest he has taken in us and for the advice and help he has given us throughout the year.

Esther Newquist, '18.



"Rowing, not drifting."
FRESHMAN

Top Row—costello capon, william elliott, john ashton, james selph, cecil huycke, mr. mcintosh, harold blake, martin mockley, carl wicher, leo haffey, berl gates, chris haleston.

Second Row—wesley payne, anna webber, stella haffey, ida litz, evelyn grimes, florence anderson, juanita fernley, frances short, maybelle williams, verne smith, claire pound, ray bennett.

Third Row, (seated)—ruby gardner, olive frame, helen mosier, myrtle brown, nancy johnson, minter sims, juvia van buskirk, lillian fleming, gladys benson, leota wright, bessie spencer, lulu mae quick.

Freshman Officers

President ..... Stella Haffey
Vice-President ..... Lulu Mae Quick
Secretary ..... Minter Sims
Treasurer ..... Bessie Spencer
Faculty Adviser ..... Mr. McIntosh

Colors: Orange and Black.

Class History

NOT less green than the evergreens but not as green as the once greens. The c'ass of '19 of Camas High School assembled for the first time on the morning of September 13, 1915. We were not scared altho our hands shook and our faces turned white when we thought our boasts of brilliancy were turned to naught and heard that our principal, Mr. McIntosh, had been appointed our adviser. Like four-year-olds we responded to the call for the first c'ass meeting and elected our class officers, and contrary to the traditions of freshmen classes, we had a very lively scrap over our class flower, but at last a majority decided that the shamrock fitted in best with the color scheme of a live freshman c'ass. Orange and black were chosen as class colors as they signified the spirit of the tiger.

One of the early social events of the season was a mock wedding given by the Freshmen girls in the high school building. Smantha Scovendyke (Ruby Gardner) was the bride and the groom was Josiah Lovelorn (Maybelle Wil iams).

During the fall the Freshman spirit was beginning to show itself, and our color was slowly but surely changing; Walters and Everett were working theirs out in footbal practice. Every game found from two to four of these sturdy warriors on the field defending the C. H. S. like veterans.

They became so "chesty" that they did not realize their inexperience, and so the boys challenged the rest of the high school boys to a tug of war across the ditch on the occasion of the rally preceding the Deaf Mute Game.

It took these faithful Freshmen several days to build that funeral pyre of the Vancouver Deaf Mutes. A dummy surmounted this bon-fire and after the fire was lit, the devouring flames slowly set the dummy's stuffed soul loose. The Freshmen thought that a wonderful piece of work, but the Juniors did not say much.

We were not so lucky in basket ball as in football, for the Juniors and Seniors seemed determined to keep the Freshmen where they thought they belonged. Not a Freshman boy held down a berth in basketball, altho we demonstrated that in Selph, Blake, Huycke, Everett and Gates there is high class material for a splendid basketball team.

Our initiation party, given by the Sophomores, was enjoyed by all to the fullest extent. We'll get even next year.

We wonder if we act like the second semester Freshies do, they look so shaky and do so obediently obey orders that we wonder if we ever could have done the like. When we are Sophomores we'll show the Freshmen just how we felt when we were initiated and we will not have the long, tragic face and the care worn look that the present Sophs have.

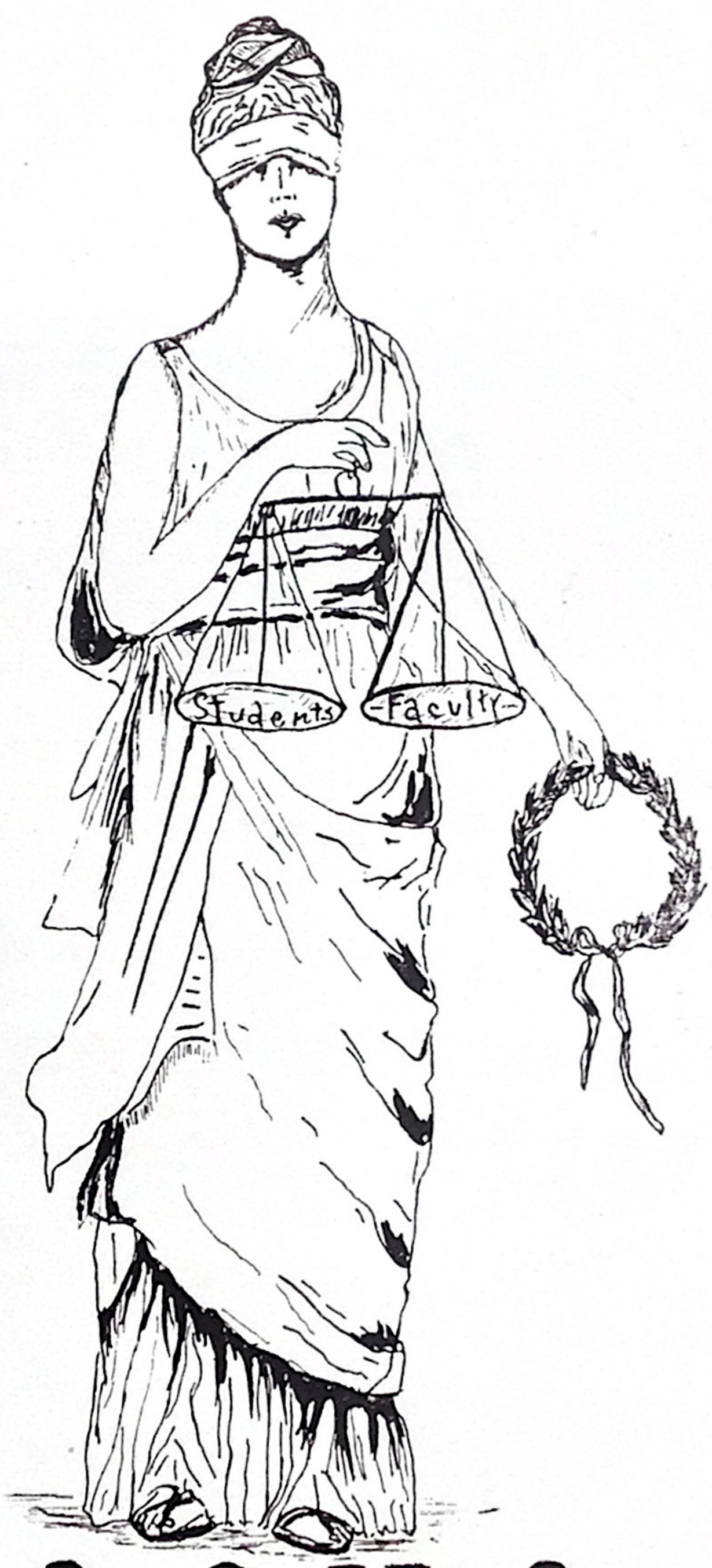
While we are yet Freshmen we will try to do the best we can with the help of our class adviser, Mr. McIntosh. We hope that thru all our high school life our class will prove to be one of the foremost and liveliest classes of all.

Freshman Historical Committee.

Pictures on the Wall of My Memory

When I look back at the days gone by,
The first thing I think of is Camas High!
English and Latin both I had
And the other subjects not quite so bad.
And the grades that I had often received
Were enough to make anyone grieved,
But they have all forgiven been,
For I was but a green Freshman.

—Helen E. Mosier, '19.



A.S.C.H.S.

Evelyn Grimes

A. S. C. H. S. Officers

President ..... John Mockley
Vice-President ..... Alex Jones
Secretary ..... Golda McAllister
Treasurer ..... Evelyn Grimes

History of Organization

June 2, 1916, marks the close of the first successful year of a Student Body Association for the Camas High School.

The constitution was first read to the students near the close of the first semester, and it was adopted by a vote of 55 to 1. Then came the exciting time; the officers were to be elected. They proved to be: John Mockley, President; Alex Jones, Vice-President; Evelyn Grimes, Treasurer, and Go'da McAllister, Secretary. A Board of Control was also chosen. This was composed of one member from each class, one from Alumni, three members from the faculty and one member from the Board of Education. The representatives were: Senior, Lewis Philbrick; Junior, Edith Serier; Sophomore, Edith Scarbrough; Freshmen, Cecil Huycke; Alumni, William Pickett; The Faculty, Miss Gwilym, Mr. McIntire and Miss Hodgins; Board of Education, Mr. Thayer.

On January 24, the officers were installed and the first meeting was called to order.

Mr. Jones, the Chairman of the Board of Control, appointed several committees and through their faithful services many things have been accomplished for the good of our school. These committees were: Finance Committee, Lewis Philbrick, Mr. McIntire and Edith Serier; Social Committee, Miss Hodgins, Edith Serier and Mr. Thayer; Athletic Committee, William Pickett, Mr. Thayer and Miss Gwilym; Public Service Committee, Cecil Huycke, William Pickett and Edith Scarbrough; Assembly Committee,

Miss Gwilym, Edith Scarbrough and Lewis Philbrick; General Committee, Mr. McIntire, Miss Hodgins and Cecil Huycke; Emblem Committee, Miss Gwilym, Lewis Philbrick, Miss Hodgins and Edith Scarbrough.

The Athletic Committee drafted regulations for the schedu ing of contests and eligibility rules for participants in high school athletics. The Social Committee regulated the social affairs of the school. The Emb em Committee designed the emblems to be awarded for participation in school activities. These emblems will be kept on file in the office. The Assembly Committee has furnished us splendid programs for the assembly period of each week and we deeply appreciate the educational advantages afforded us by these programs.

To the hasty observer it may seem that the Association has not accomplished much, but the first semester of its existence has been a formative period, and has been spent in building a firm foundation for the succeeding years. Next year we will be able to see the result of all this planning and building, and we will be able to see student government really in action. But to be a success it must have the loyal support of the students and we firmly believe it will.

BOARD OF CONTROL.

Standing—Lewis Philbrick, Cecil Huycke, Ben Pickett, Edith Scarbrough, Miss Gwilym, Mr. McIntire.
Seated—Edith Serier, Miss Hodgins, Mr. Thayer, Evelyn Grimes, Golda McAllister, Mr. Jones.

LITERARY

The Dead Man's Hollow

It was near one of those half deserted, and yet populated towns often occurring along the coast. It was a dark, cloudy day. The sun was hidden by banks of angry, tossing clouds, and the air was full of a fine mist, yet no rain fell. I had been following a narrow trail, nearly obliterated by the weeds and tall grass, over an exceedingly barren stretch of land relieved only by the bunches of brush and briers collected on the rolling hills. I had proceeded some distance when the trail came abruptly to an end, and I found myself gazing down—down to what a depth I can not say, into a great half circular pit which I then only vaguely recognized as the haunted and much told of "Dead Man's Hollow."

The sides were almost precipitous in their steep descent and looked forbidding, and altogether impossible to descend. But upon closer observation I discovered a small crevasse having a slope less steep than the rocks about it and which appeared to be seamed and cracked in such a way as to form huge irregular stone steps. A horror of this place came upon me and I would have immediately retraced my steps had not a great curiosity to explore its weird unknown depths overcame me. So having decided I hurriedly started descending its gloomy depths by way of these naturally formed stairs.

These apparently had never been touched since their first upheaving from the earth and were crumbled and decayed by the cold, moist air of the hollow. After an interminable age of slipping, sliding and falling, I finally reached the solid ground beneath. Then, and only then, could I fully survey the scene.

And what a scene it was! One I never before or ever again hope to see. The great black rocks of the wall, so precipitous in its descent, were broken only by this crevasse and a huge yawning cave directly opposite. The other half of the Hollow opened upon the ocean and the wild, angry waves beat and tossed upon the rocks, which rose nearly as steep as those of the pit within, and washed with an angry, tumultuous sound far into the Hollow. The bottom of the Hollow was covered by the bones of animals, and broken timbers from the wrecks of ships that had been washed in by the angry, foaming ocean—washed ashore and there abandoned. An ominous gloom hung over all the desolate desertion of the place struck upon me anew. But determined to explore this cave I began picking my way among the piles of debris, logs, masts of ships, timbers, bones of animals, and I know not what, keeping my eyes upon it, meanwhile half fascinated, half curious.

Suddenly I stumbled and fell. Stunned and breathless by the fall I did not at once comprehend where or upon what I had fallen. But I knew a strange feeling of horror and fear overcame as of some impending evil

and I started, half lifting my head. As I did so I heard a harsh rattling, grating sound and a moan strangely like that heard among the pine trees late at night, which sent a cold shiver through my whole being. What I saw so amazed and paralyzed me I could not clearly perceive what followed. But the grating and rattling continued and what was my horror to see what appeared to be a living skeleton rise from the ground beside me and stumble toward the cave. Ghastly white and uncanny, it so overcame me with horror and wild helpless fear I became motionless,—paralyzed, and closed my eyes to shut out the horrible picture. But I could not altogether shut out that horrible sight and heard the continued rattling and grating of its bones as it stumbled blindly over the rocks and logs, and as I again opened my eyes, uttered a ghastly piercing shriek as it fell creaking and groaning on the rocks. Silent! Now and forever silent!

With horror and fear overcoming and urging my flying feet, I reached the place where I had descended and managed to climb to the safety above. From this place I fled as I had never before, but never can I forget that ghastly white and uncanny picture impressed so vividly upon my intellect.

Esther Reed, '18.

Longings of Anne Dudley Bradstreet

Though poetry to this age is all unknown
Yet will I write, for I am alone
At heart in this strange, far off land
Far from England's shore and hedges grand.

Ah God, can I forget my native land
For this wild place and oceans beating strand?
This land of shadows, sorrow, sickness, death
Is far from that land with light and gladness blest.

I know in this land too, are those so dear
To me, that I would give my life for them, nor fear
The Indians nor the animals that roam
O'er this strange land which I cannot call home.

But o'e r the sea in England lies my heart
And this dark land in my life has no part.
For over there my soul is bound and tied,
And my heart goes out with each out going tide.

God grant that if I cannot return
To that land for which my heart forever burns,
I may learn to love this land which now I hate,
And in which I am destined to stay, by fate.

Estella Forbes, '17.

A Common Scene of the Rockies

One summer while a friend and I were hunting for deer in the wilder portions of the Rockies, we had a very peculiar experience. Some say, there is no such a thing as a ghost, but this disproves it, for this is more supernatural than ghosts. Afterwards we scarcely believed it ourselves. Others try to make us believe that we dreamed it, but it was registered on our brain through our senses, and so we can not be deceived. All that afternoon we felt as though something was going to happen. It was nerve wrecking. Our nerves were right on edge. Every corner we turned some ghostly picture would flit across our sight. At one turn I saw what seemed to be Father Time, but it disappeared as quickly as it came. Our eyes finally grew tired and heavy and we scarcely could see.

The air seemed to grow heavy too; it smelled foul. We were drawing molded air with every breath. We could not smell the sweetness of the timber, the trees of which climbed the wall-like sides of the mighty canyon; instead the decayed smell of the many fungi magnified and grew greater. The pure air from the stream, whose course we were following, grew thick and while we still looked at the light blue water it changed to a muddy brown.

The trail took a sudden shift and there in the light snow which had fallen the previous night was something which proved that we had reason to be frightened. First we looked at the objects then at each other. The blood rushed to my head, I sickened, I grew dizzy, I tottered and nearly fell. They were the tracks of some animal—we knew not what. Were they a panther's? No, the prints were much larger than those of a Rocky Mountain lion. Well, what were they then. Nobody knows. They were over four times the size of an average man's hand. Another thing, they had not been made more than a minute before, for they were fresh.

An awful feeling came over us. We would liked to have sunk into the ground. Our rifles were but toys beside such an animal. No gun, it seemed, made by human hands could destroy such an animal.

We crossed the tracks and started on a run down the canyon. We ran for four rods when we encountered those tracks again. They were fresh and seemed to grow larger as we gazed at them. Every few rods those dreaded tracks traversed our path. The beast evidently was keeping just so far ahead of us. It was watching our every move. At that very minute those two fiery eyes, the fierceness of which no man can describe, were probably glaring at us. We were no longer the hunters; we were the hunted. The sweat rose to my forehead, I trembled, my hair stood up like a bunch of twenty penny spikes. My companion's face turned crimson, his eyes were bloodshot. I started to retreat but my friend touched me on the shoulder. I understood. I saw the hopelessness of such an act.

Finally aroused from semi-consciousness, we plodded on. It began to grow dusk, the canyon deepened, the woods became more dense and the falling of the cataract sounded like the roaring of some great unimaginable specimen of the wilderness. I flinched and groaned because it was not impossible that that irresistible supernatural force might at that instance be ready to spring at us from some giant fir.

The trail came suddenly to an end at the edge of an extended rock. We were just a few paces from beneath a magnificent fir tree. We paused. We heard a crash in the limbs above and a thud behind, while at the same time, the jut of rock on which we were standing broke off. We fell some ten or twelve feet onto a gradually slanting, gravelly extension of the bluff. At the bottom the————, whatever it was, was a couple of yards distant. It seemed mountainous. It smacked it chops, its mouth foamed, it gloated on us, but only for a second. We, compelled by some immortal force, raised our rifles and fired. The shots had no effect but to anger the ravenous man-eater. It roared. That roar was demonish, it filled the canyon, it echoed and re-echoed among the rocks and juts. It leaped at us and disappeared. We climbed the wall of the mighty canyon and looked safely out upon the setting sun.

Wm. Mickelson, '18.

Our High School

Hurrah for our school
The school that's on top,
Although she's the best
Her learning won't stop.

First in all games,
First in all sport,
First in all leaders,
And in knowledge not short.

She'll always stand by you
She's always the same,
She'll teach you the right way
And lead you to fame.

She teaches the right things,
Her course is complete,
And all other high schools
Must take a back seat.

She sits on her throne,
The proud monarch of all,
And laughs at all others
Who defeated must fall.

She watches her students,
With motherly pride,
And fights for them all,
And is their best guide.

She knows all the world
From its tail to its head,
And from her best knowledge
Her students are fed.

She teaches the best,
No other can beat,
And all other high schools
Must sit at her feet.—Alex Jones, '18.

The Digging of the Columbia

Many years ago, before America was discovered, there was no Columbia River. The Indians who lived in the Rocky Mountains had no way of going to the ocean. The country was too rough to travel by foot or horseback, so they decided to construct a river from the mountains to the ocean.

In one of their raids on an island call Ireland, the Indians captured two Irishmen, one an ordinary sized man about eight feet in height. His name was Hood. The other was a giant. He was the largest man ever heard of at that time; his feet were a rod long and half a rod wide, and he was half a mile around the waist. His head was so high that he had to take his hat off to let the moon go by. His name was Bill Puget.

These two men owned an ox which was nearly as tall as Puget. His horns were far enough apart to set a horse between them and he could eat a bale of hay at one mouthful. ,

The Indians put these two men to work digging the river. The ox was hitched to a monster scraper and was driven by Hood, but Puget used a pick and shovel made to order by Sears and Roebuck.

Hood started from the mountains and went toward the ocean, but Puget went to Seattle and dug toward the mountains. Hood couldn't make much headway, as he had all he could do to keep out of the way of the ox. He finally had to wear a bright colored coat so that the ox could see him. But Puget worked fast, indeed he worked so fast that his feet wore a hole in the earth and the water from the ocean rushed in and wet his ankles. This place was afterwards called Puget Sound. Hood built a stone bridge near the Cascade Locks and called it the "Bridge of the Gods," but one day the ox stubbed his toe on it and knocked it over, thus forming the Cascade Rapids.

Hood placed all the earth he had dug in one place. The pile grew larger and larger until it became a mountain. Puget made a crater at the top of it with the shovel handle and dropped his cigarette into it. The mountain is now called Mt. Hood, and once in a while smoke still comes from Puget's cigarette.

After many years of hard work the river was finished. Captain Gray was the first one who sailed on it and he called it Columbia, which was his ship's name.

Puget died a natural death and was buried on Mt. Hood. His grave makes a lump on one side of the mountain. Hood was stepped on by the ox and was never dug up.

Earl Tucker, '18.

My First Impressions of C. H. S.

The first day I went to the school in the town of Camas, I certinly was some skeered, I didn't wanta come nohow, but paw allus did have a good eddication. He was president onct; president of the Cotton Wood Grange Society for Homeless rabbits, but that's not startin' in high school. Well, as I said before, I was some skeered. 'Course I 'lowed as how I wan't sech a bad lookin' kid as fur as that's concerned, but the way them girls made over my purty red hair was a sight. Gee! They even wanted me to go down and git it cut off and give 'em all a nice bunch of it. But goodness, them girls didn't need to think I was agoin' to do a fool trick like that, so I skiddaddled and sot down quick in a seat close to the door. But I didn't set there very long 'cause a fellow with spectacles on his nose stepped up in front of us and says. "I come here before this large assembly of students to introduce myself, and I hope you will all take in to your work with a will." He went on that way for about an hour, and finally ended up with a bow and says, sorta dignified like, "I'm Mr. McIntyre." Then there was a little feller what pops up like a Jack-in-the-box and he told us as how he was Mr. McIntosh. Then he gave us a spiel sayin' as how he hoped the same as Mr. McIntyre and hoped we'd all do our best. He told us as how Miss Hodgins would give a jitney lunch in the cooking rooms. Jest as I was wonderin' what that was, I noticed the feller with the spectacles on his nose kind of sidles up to the wall all of a sudden like and gives it a push with his thumb, and jest about that time I heered sumpin go "bpzz." He waited fer about two minutes and then walks up and pushes it twice, and I heered sumpin go, "buzz-buzz."

Well, that feller must have been a witch, 'cause I heered a noise what sounded like a team of horses coming up the stairs, and in come about fifteen kids. They hadn't hardly got sot down, when he says, "Go to your classes." I didn't know what to do so I jest set there. Pretty soon he comes down to me an' says: "Why don't you go to your class?" "Well," I says, "if you'll jest tell me where to get some I'll do it, 'cause I ain't got none now." He jest laffed and says: "You follow me." Then he took me down two flights of stairs and pushed me into a door. As I went in I noticed it said "English" on it. Well, now anybody might know I hain't no English-man, I'm jest a human bein'. When I sot down, a lady with spectacles on her nose, what skeered me sumpin awful come down to me and asked me a lot of questions about what was my name, who was my folks, and did I pass the rest of the grades. Well, that made me mad to have her askin' questions about me that wan't none of her bizness, but the kid settin' next to me whispered, "You better tell 'er." So I told her as how my name was Ezekiel Corntossel, and as how the rest of the folks was all well. Then I heered sumpin go "buzz." I like to jumped clean outin' my chair. Then

she began signin' lessons. She jest got through and I heered sumpin go "buzz-buzz," again and she said, "Class is excused." Believe me, I was some glad 'cause I had a chanct to breathe once more. But I hadn't no morn got sot down in that big room up stairs, when that spectacled feller says, "Go to your classes." He looked right straight at me and laffed. I follered the kid what told me to answer the questions what that woman asked me, and this time we went out to a little cow-barn what they call the manual trainin' shop. But I stayed outside fer a little while and then sneaked back into that big place what they call the assembly room. I noticed they was a big clock on the wall what said it was jest one minute till twelve. I was some glad, 'cause my stumick felt like a rain barrel what had been left out in the sun fer 'bout a week. Pretty soon the little feller called McIntosh, walked up and give the wall a couple of pushes and in comes 'bout a hundred kids. I didn't know there was so many kids in Camas. Well, we set there 'bout an hour and didn't do a thing. Then the little feller gets up and reads off a lot of names, and somebody yells, "dismissed." I didn't know what that meant, but everybody got up and made a rush fer the doors, so I follers suit. When we got outside we all stood behind each other at the top of the stairs and then somebody blows a whistle and away we went. The way I drove Betsy home that night wasn't slow. I was certainly glad to get back to the cows and chickens and ma's cooky jar.

Ezekiel Corntossel, alias Claire Pound, '19.

A Home for You

Just a little way from Camas
Is a beauty spot renowned;
You may find it without seeking,
On the outskirts of our town.

You may pass it in the summer
When the scorching sun beats down;
And the scenery that surrounds it
Is dressed in the season's gown.

Up the prairie road you wonder
Just a few miles then you're there;
There's a lake of sparkling water
Any one can tell you where.

You may pass it in the winter
When with ice 'tis covered o'er;
It will seem then even greater,
As no foliage decks its shore.

But if you wish from life a pleasure
On the Columbia make your home;
You'll receive from life your measure,
As you 'long the lake road roam.

Neta Edwards, '18.

People We All Know

There was hardly a day that he couldn't be seen sitting in his old place on the bench in front of the village store. He was usually surrounded by a bunch of children who would listen eagerly to his stories. The older folks, too, loved to talk with him and hear his hearty laugh, as he told some of his jokes.

His face was good to watch—bright, twinkling eyes, rosy cheeks, long white beard and gray hair which was always stranding straight up.

The children always knew what was in his bulging pockets, juicy red apples, popcorn or sticks of candy for them to feast on.

He delighted to slip a nickel or a dime into some poor child's hand and watch the smile of joy. No wonder everyone loved him!

Marjorie Duffin. '18.

Grandma Joyce is a dear little white-haired lady who lives alone in our community, so called, because she acts as grandma to everyone needing a grandma's care. When anyone is sick, who but Grandma Joyce carries flowers and fruits and brightens their heavy spirit by her bright little smile and cheery voice. When anyone is without food or shelter how gladly she takes them in. Nor does anyone leave her home without a brighter aspect of the world and a desire to live a better life. When the young folks want a good time, whose doors are thrown so wide open for their enjoyment as Grandma Joyce's. Nor does she regret putting things back in order, or is she afraid of spoiling the carpet. So she lives her happy life from day to day without the gossip and narrow view of life so many hold. How sweet the world would be if there were only more like Grandma Joyce.

Neta Edwards, '18.

The Tug of War

Winifred Champlin, '17.

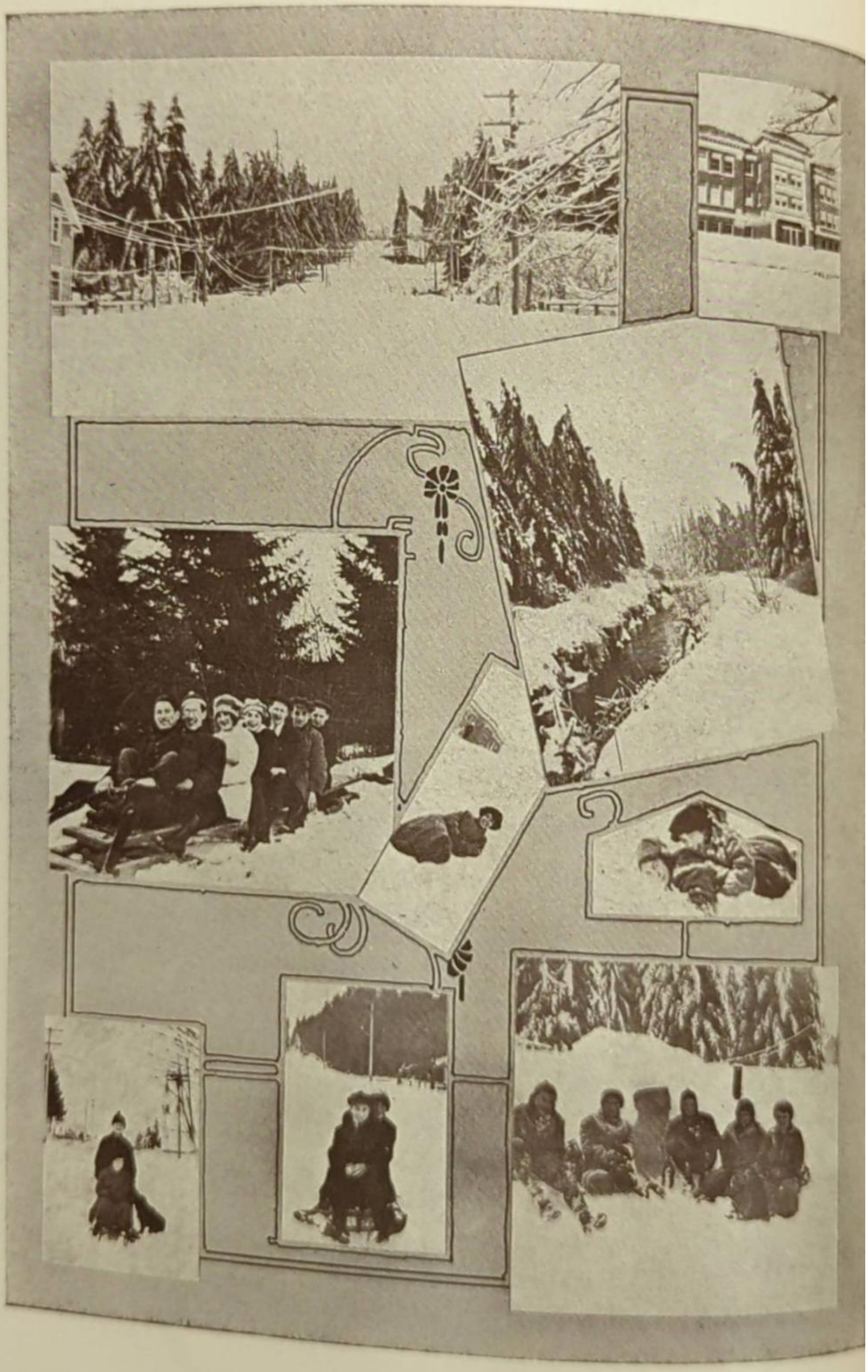
I stood on the bridge at 8:30
And waited for the fun,
There was to be a tug of war,
And the boys were there, every one.

The upper classmen were feeling fine,
Not a one was on the bum,
But the Freshmen and the Sophomores
Were looking rather glum.

The boys secured a long, stout rope,
And each one took his place,
And a look of great excitement
Was seen on every face.

The boys began to pull with strength,
And the rope grew hotter and hotter,
But the lower classmen soon were cool.
For they were pulled into the water.

Snow Scenes



The Silver Thaw

The sun rising in the east looked upon a great white universe. The weird, almost deathly silence which had settled over the little city of Camas, was broken occasionally by the crack of the overloaded firs or by the jingle of sleigh bells of an early farmer.

In the distance one could see the beautiful snow clad mountains of Oregon, which formed a picturesque background for the rugged Columbia, which was now a floating mass of ice. Nearer, the bending firs caught the eyes of Dame Nature's admirers and caused them to blink unconsciously as they gazed at the sparkling snow and ice.

At dusk the city was in darkness for during this beautiful Silver Thaw no electric wires had survived the storm and the dim lights which shone from the windows gave a hearty we come to the weary traveler.

The merry voices of young people and old people echoed from house to house, making everyone happy and ready to share the joys of a wonderful Silver Thaw.

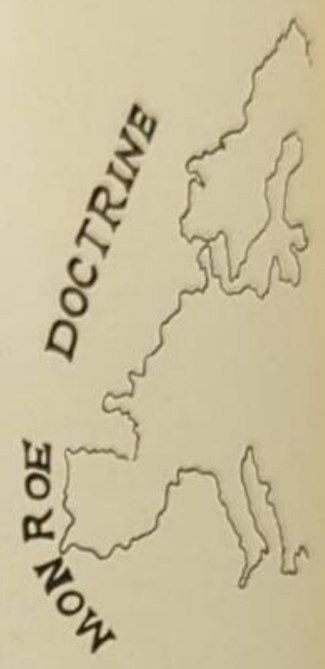
Hilda Knapp, '17.

Coasting

We were out upon the hill,
The ground was covered with snow,
The boys were sliding on bobsleds
And the way they went wasn't slow.
Not always did they reach the bottom
For once in a while they would spill,
But ever they took it as part of the game
And started again up the hill.
The coasting went on until midnight,
The coasters gradually passed,
Till the moon in all its glory
Showed the hill deserted at last.

Marjorie Duffin, '18.

DEBATE



The debating season for the year of 1915-16 is now a thing of the past. The honors won serve only to revive pleasant memories of victories won and defeats honorably lost. It is hoped that another year will see a turn out for forensic work, which will bring even more victories to the Camas High School.

Guided by the continued efforts of Miss Gwilym and Mr. Jones the Camas High School has, the past year gradually awakened to the fact that debating is one of the major activities of high school life.

This year the four accredited high schools of Clarke County withdrew from the State League and formed a County Debating League.

The first debate held this year was the try-out between the upper and lower classmen when the question, "Resolved that the Monroe Doctrine should be discontinued," was discussed. The upper classmen were given the negative and won by a 2 to 1 decision.

From these debaters the two high school teams were selected to represent the C. H. S. in the county debates the honor falling to Noah Jones '16 and Etta Newquist '17 who formed the negative team and Edith Scarbrough '18 and William Mickelson '18 who formed the affirmative team.

On January 15 the first of this series of debates was held when our negative team met the Ridgefield affirmative team at Camas. Our team won by a 2 to 1 decision. The same evening our affirmative team met the Ridgefield negative team at Ridgefield and lost by a 3 to 0 decision.

The judges at Camas were Mr. Milton Burnett of Vancouver, Mr. Keim of Ridgefield and Mr. A. C. Allen of Camas. The judges at Ridgefield

were Mrs. H. MacMaster of Camas, Mr. P. Hough of Vancouver and Mrs. Blackmore of Ridgefield.

The second debate was held on February 25. The negative team went to Washougal while the affirmative team remained at home. Our negative team won by a 2 to 1 decision and our affirmative team lost by a 2 to 1 decision.

The judges at Washougal were Mr. A. P. Allen of Camas, Mr. Sparks of Vancouver and Mr. Gear of Washougal. At Camas the judges were Mrs. O. F. Johnson of Camas, Mr. Hugh Parcel of Vancouver and Mr. Steve Rossman of Washougal.

The last of the interscholastic debates was held April 7 when the Camas negative team met the Vancouver affimative team at Vancouver and the Camas affirmative team remained at home. Both teams lost to Vancouver. During the year the Camas High School scored six points.

The judges at Vancouver were Rev. Quick of Camas, Mr. Bert Dorman of Vancouver and Judge R. H. Back of Vancouver. The judges at Camas were Mrs. Connell of Camas, Mr. Hall of Vancouver and Mr. J. Blair of Vancouver.

C. H. S. DEBATING TEAM.

Left to Right—William Mickelson, Edith Scarbrough, Etta Newquist, Noah Jones, Miss Gwilym.

Interclass Debate

The first debate of the inter-class series was to be held between the Juniors and Sophomores. The subject chosen was, "Resolved that final examinations should be abolished." The Juniors were given the affirmative and won by default, thus receiving two points.

The next inter-class debate was between the Seniors and Freshmen. The question debated was, "Resolved that United States should not furnish arms and munitions to belligerent countries in time of war." The Senior class upheld the negative side and won by a 3 to 0 decision.

The Senior class was represented by Albert Blake, John Mockley and Veva Knapp. The Freshmen team was composed of Bessie Spencer, Evelyn Grimes and Castello Capon.

The following inter-class debate was between the Seniors and Sophomores. The subject debated was, "Resolved that the municipality should own the electric light and water system." The Sophomores or the negative team won by a 2 to 1 decision. Those representing the Senior class were Arthur Morton, Una Bartow and Lewis Philbrick. The Sophomore team was composed of Golda McAllister and Hazel Reed.

On February 24 the debate between the Sophomore and Freshmen classes was held. The question was, "Resolved that capital punishment should be abolished." The Freshmen team composed of William Elliott, Ruby Gardner and Bessie Spencer upheld the affirmative. The Sophomore team was composed of Earl Tucker, Hazel Reed and Golda McAllister. The Sophs won by a 2 to 1 decision.

A great deal of interest was taken in the debate between the Junior and Senior classes, March 10. The question debated was, "Resolved that a free text book system should be adopted in the public schools." The Juniors composed of Hilda Knapp, Edith Serier and Winifred Champlin won the debate by a 2 to 1 decision. The Senior team was composed of John Mockley, Veva Knapp and Lewis Philbrick.

The last of the inter-class debates was held on April 10 when the Juniors and Freshmen debated the question, "Resolved that simplified spelling should be adopted." The Junior team composed of Winifred Champlin, Edith Serier and Estella Forbes won the debate by a 3 to 0 decision. The Freshmen upheld the negative and were represented by Castello Capon, Maybelle Williams and Minter Sims.

The Juniors won the class championship and the silver cup awarded by Mr. Jones. In counting the score each judge's decision counted one point and winning the decision one point. The final score was as follows:

Seniors	6	Sophomores	1
Juniors	9	Freshmen	50

MUSIC

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Top Row—Esther Reed, Marie Craig, Evelyn Grimes, Stella Haffey, Edith Scarbrough, Hazel Reed, Edith Serier, Lucile Turner.
Second Row—Miss Nagel, Miss Hodgins, May Farrell, Una Bartow, Veva Knapp, Monselle Bartow, Velma Watenpaugh, Hilda Knapp, Anna Webber.
Seated—Juvia Van Buskirk, Marjorie Duffin, Estella Forbes, Esther Newquist, True Pickett, Maybelle Williams, Ruby Gardner, Ina Van Camp, Esther Jones, Olive Frame, Nita Edwards.

"Music can noble hints impart
Engender fury, kindle love;
With unsuspected eloquence can move
And manage all the man with secret art."
—Addison.

Music has always held a prominent place among the Camas High School activities, but not until last year did we have an organized musical club. At that time all the girls interested in music met and perfected an organization to be known as the Girls' Glee Club.

Last year it was the wish of the Glee Club girls to see a victrola in the high school and we immediately started the fund. The proceeds from a Christmas program in which the grades assisted, formed the basis of this fund. In April, 1915 the Girls' Glee Club presented "The Japanese Maiden," an operetta in two acts, the proceeds were turned over to the victrola fund. The victrola dream became a reality at Christmas time. Each room of the grade school assisted in raising the money.

At the opening of school this year the members left from the previous year met and elected the following officers: President, Ina Van Camp; vice-president, Veva Knapp; secretary and treasurer, Estella Forbes; librarian, Hazel Reed.

Throughout the year much interest has been displayed in the work of the Girls' Glee Club and under the careful guidance of Miss Nagle the club has become a credit to the Camas High School.

The Glee Club made its first appearance at the annual teachers' reception given by the Civic Improvement League. They have appeared at assembly many times this year, and if hearty applause is a sign of appreciation the efforts of the Girls' Glee Club were certainly appreciated.

The culmination of this year's work done by the Glee Club was the "Isle of Chance," which was given on May 28, at the Camas Opera House, before a large and appreciative audience.

It is hoped that the coming year will bring a continuance of the good work started by the Girls' Glee Club of the Camas High School.

The following is an account of this year's operetta:

THE ISLE OF CHANCE

This operetta is the production of a California writer, Mr. Otis Carrington of Redwood City.

The liberetto is as follows: Somewhere in mid-Pacific is tucked away a small island known as the "Isle of Chance." It derives its name from the uncertainty of the income of its king King Greed, and of the fate of his victims.

King Greed has as his subjects a band of follies, whose duty it is to

attract ships to the island and to assist their king in securing the wealth of the ship-wrecked passengers.

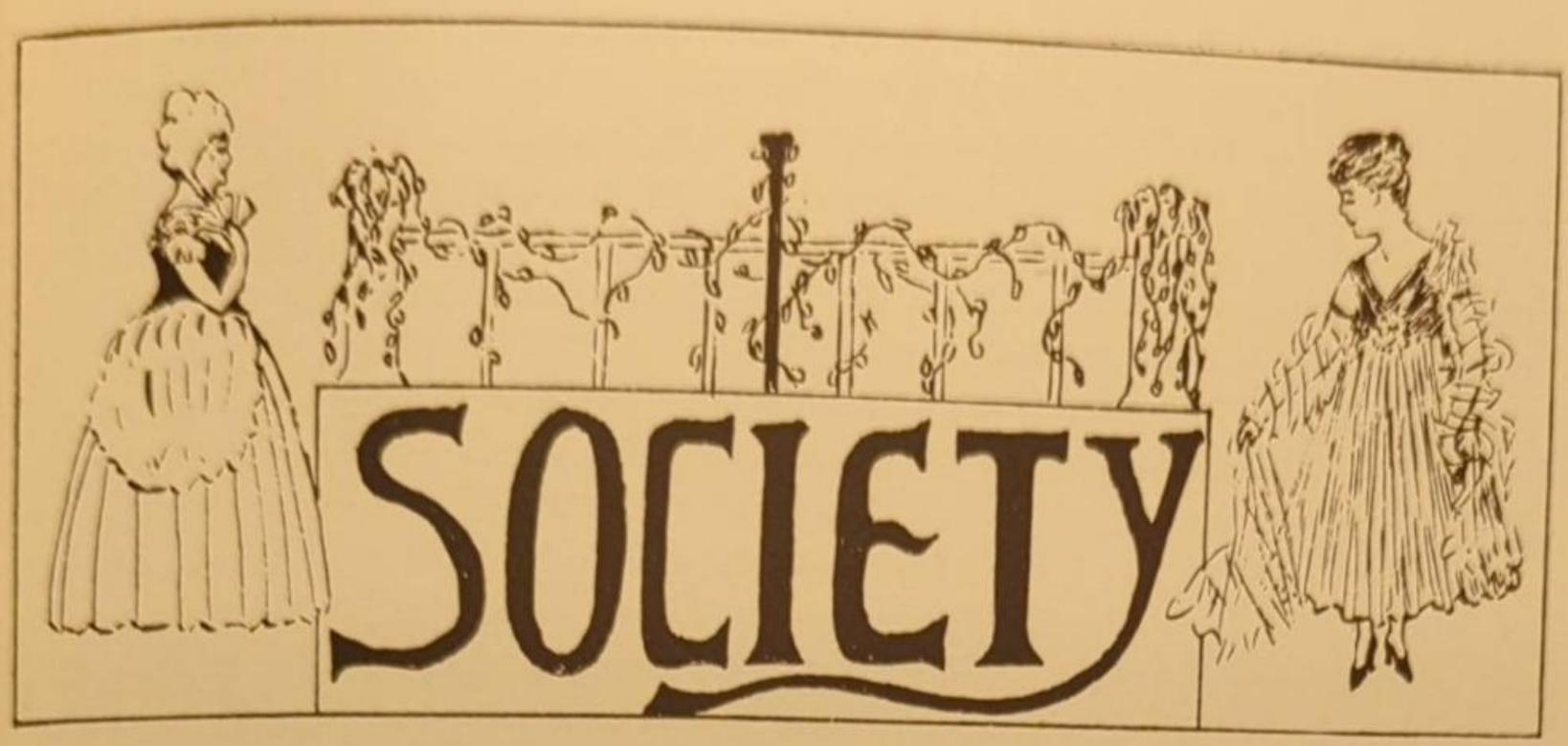
At the opening scene the follies have attracted to the island, Lady Frivolous, her husband, Lord-What's-the-Use, Simpelita, the Cautain, On-a-Grouch, and his shadow, Despair and three sailors known as Who-Cares, Few-Cares and No-Cares.

King Greed, by flattery and an insincere offer of hospitality, attempts to secure their money. He warns them not to drink the water of a certain spring which he says is poisoned but which in reality hides his gold.

On-a-Grouch falls asleep near the spring. While he sleeps, the Spirits of the Spring, appear to him and urge him to drink. When he awakens he does drink and finds not only the hidden treasure but also that he has drunk from the Spring of Ambition. He no longer needs his shadow Despair, who then becomes a shadow without anyone to shadow.

When all have recovered their gold a ship arrives to take them home.

Those who took part in the operetta were: King Greed, Noah Jones; Captain, Mr. McIntire; First Folly, Marjorie Dffin;' Second Folly, Ina Van Camp; Third Folly, Esther Reed; On-a-Grouch, Albert Blake; Despair, William Mickelson; Lord-What's-the-Use, Leo Leard; Lady Frivolous, Hilda Knapp; Simpelita, Monselle Bartow; Who-Cares, Maybelle Williams; Few-Cares, Estella Forbes; No-Cares, Anna Webber; Chorus of Follies, Chorus of Shadows, Spirits of Spring.



Play days at C. H. S. have been few this year, chiefly because everyone has been too busy to stop and play. A glance at the social calendar will show the infrequency of class parties and social functions. However, some of those that have occurred have made indelible impressions upon us. To recall to mind such pleasantries that ought not to be forgotten is the purpose of this department.

The first social event of the year was a reception given for the teachers by the ladies of the Civic Improvement League, to which the patrons of the high school and the students were invited. The program of the evening included a talk by Mr. Thayer and also several musical numbers. Then came a siege of handshaking as the parents and friends of the high school greeted and welcomed the teachers. Surely everyone enjoyed the evening from the address, music, folk games down to and including the refreshments.

On an early Friday in the year the girls of the Freshman class had a memorable mock wedding at the High School. The blushing bride was Ruby Gardner and the stalwart groom, Evelyn Grimes, while Father Pat OR'iley (Stella Haffey) performed the ceremony. A dainty wedding supper followed. Perhaps even more thrilling than the wedding itself was the appearance of several masked faces over the transom of the Library, and the clicking of keys in the doors. Fate placed a box of hairpins in the hands of the girls and these stuffed into any keyhole make the best skeleton keys useless. Later the uninvited guests were served with pickles and they departed satisfied.

On Friday, October 9, the evening of the Gresham game, when everybody was happy and just in tune for a jolly good time, the football boys were entertained by the Girls' Glee Club. Punch and wafers, games and lunch at a late hour made the evening most pleasant.

October 23, a night of much excitement. On this eventful evening

the Junior girls, in the guise of tiny tots, had a frolic at Miss Gwilym's home. The popularity of the girls was indicated by the uncontrollable desire of the whole student body to enjoy their company that same evening. A complete account of this will come later. When the excitement had subsided, bread and jelly, milk, animal cookies and stick candy were brought forth and then the "infants" departed homeward to tell "muvver" what a nice time they had.

The Hood River victory was the big reason for the next social gathering and the Yum Yum Club girls were hostesses. A menu characteristic of the gridiron aroused much curiosity and speculation and none were disappointed. Every fellow on the team and the facutly waxed eloquent in response to the cry, "Speech."

November 2 was the date of another banquet when the table groaned with good things to eat, when the Faculty entertained the eight students who tried out for the High School debating team. The tables were prettily decorated with yellow chrysanthemums.

The first Freshman class party was held at the residence of A. M. Blake on the evening of November 6. The attendance of the Junior and Senior girls made the party a lot more exciting as there were few Freshies present. Harold Blake's long trousers created considerable excitement during the evening. The Freshmen proved themselves excellent hosts and hostesses and everyone had a good time.

November 12 was the night of the much planned Senior party. What an awful time they had deciding where to hold it and how afraid they were of the Juniors! The scene of the party was the High School building. How dark and unsuspicious the building appeared, and how silently the Seniors entered! Only the Seniors know what a delightful time they had.

On this same night the Juniors were making merry across the way, enjoying an impromptu "pop corn pop" at Miss Gwilym's. At a late hour telephone greetings were sent to the Seniors.

(As told by a Sophomore:) How well will we Sophomores and Freshmen remember the night of November 19, when on our way to the High School we were waylaid by upper classmen. Yes, and can't you remember how those who couldn't escape were marched thru the woods to the house where lived a Junior and Senior? We stayed there a short half hour. When we reached the school building games were played and some Sophomore stunts were "pulled off" in the assembly, which surprised and perplexed some of the Freshmen. We consider this the liveliest of the Sophomore parties.

The football boys proved themselves royal entertainers on the evening of December 17, and had as their guests the Yum Yum Club and the Girls' Rooting Club. The evening was spent by playing Olympic games, such as the Aeroplane Flight,, in which Paul Walters proved he could soar

higher (in oratory) than Arthur, Winifred or Evelyn. Who doesn't remember the hurdles in which the contestants jumped exceedingly high over imaginary books and Stella Forbes driving nails and Miss Andrews carrying oranges? The prizes awarded the contestants who won first places in the various events were highly treasured.

Just before school closed for the Christmas holidays the High School faculty banqueted the football team in honor of their splendid season. Members of the Board of Education and the Yum Yum Club were among the invited guests. A miniature gridiron, a color scheme of crimson and black served to recall the spirit of the game. Covers were laid for forty. When the last course had been served toasts were responded to by each member of the team and the games of the season were played again. Among the toasts responded to were: Football Dope, Filling In, The Kick Off, The Team of 1916, The "C", School Spirit, Time's Up.

St. Patrick's Day was fittingly celebrated by a Masquerade Party given by the Yum Yum Club and the Freshman Cooking Class. One of the features of the evening was a fashion show, conducted by Winifred Champlin. The good points of each costume were fully explained, and a hearty laugh followed each explanation. Evelyn Grimes caused much amusement as Simp'e Simon, as did also Miss Andrews, who represented a six-year-old child. Winifred Champlin and Marjorie Duffin, as clowns, kept things lively. Miss Hodgins represented a Grecian lady. Other characters were Spanish dancing girls, Indian girls, Martha Washington and a young society bel'e. Later the guests retired to the dining room where dainty refreshments were served. The table was tastefully decorated in green and white. The guests departed about eleven o'clock, all declaring that they had enjoyed a very p'easant evening.

The annual Junior-Senior party was held May 19.

The Junior Kid Party

To a kid party at Miss Gwilym's house,
  Came the Juniors, dressed in fine array.
The Seniors thought that they would try
  To catch them on the way.
But the Juniors were too wise for them,
  For while waiting at the train,
When all were yelling for the team,
  They ran with might and main.
The Seniors didn't miss them,
  Until the train pulled out,
Then, "Now for those Juniors,"
  And they, wondering, looked about.
"Where are they?" asked the Seniors,
  When not a Junior could be found,
"!Come, all ye Sophs and Freshies
  And help us look around."
"They're up to Champlin's, that I know,"
  Quoth a Senior gay.
So up the hill to Champlin's house,
  They started on their way.
They searched the house, they searched the barn,
  They even searched the grounds,
But in spite of all their searching
  Not a Junior could be found.
So over towards the Jones house,
  They quickly started out
With all their followers, and arrived
  Just as the lights went out.
"They're here," cried the merry Seniors.
  "Now Noah, were is that key?
For now we'll go inside the house
  And some tiny kidlets see."
So they opened wide the door,
  They thought they'd have some fun,
But STUNG AGAIN YE SENIORS
  For the Juniors didn't run.
But they asked them in the parlor,
  Gave seats to all around,
And then to all those students
  Passed the cake and candy round.
They entertained with games
  And did the piano play,
Until the Seniors, feeling cheap,
  Decided not to stay.
So, gathering all their followers,
  They started on their way
And left the loyal Juniors
  To resume their merry play.

—Estella Forbes, '17.

The Boys' Mixer

It was the last day of the semester,
And all were feeling fine,
So decided to hold a stag mixer,
(With bachelors and widowers combine.)

Well clad, they came to the school house
A little before nine P. M.
Morton wore a middie blouse
And Joe a pretty harem.

The "biscuit shooting" pole was there,
With mat on the floor beneath;
The boxing gloves on a table near,
McIntosh shook like a leaf.

Old Morton climbed astride the pole
And sent a challenge to all,
But before any could reach their goal
He handed them each a fall.

McIntire to Ben Pickett said,
"Lets put on the boxing 'mits,'
And smite each other in the head
As hard as it befits."

The challenge was made in earnest,
The result was very sad,
For the faculty representative
Lost every rib he had.

Clyde Johnson boxed with Laurence Blair
Huycke with his brother Huycke;
All gave and received at least his share,
Blows landed to the left and right.

"Hot hand" proved very interesting;
It was great sport indeed
To those who administered the sting,
And heard the "victim" plead.

Now a wrestling battle rages,
For here on that dusty mat
Was a contest in its last stages,
A good reducer of fat.

'Twas McIntire vs. McAllister,
Each wore his "Sunday best"
It was McIntire's disaster
For rip! he was undressed .

This brought such a roar of laughter
That it nearly raised the roof,
And "Mac" went home in a barrel, saying
"Enough of a thing is enough."

The cock fights were fast and furious
Yet tame as they could be,
Some of them even curious,
For Ben won the "chick-a-dee."

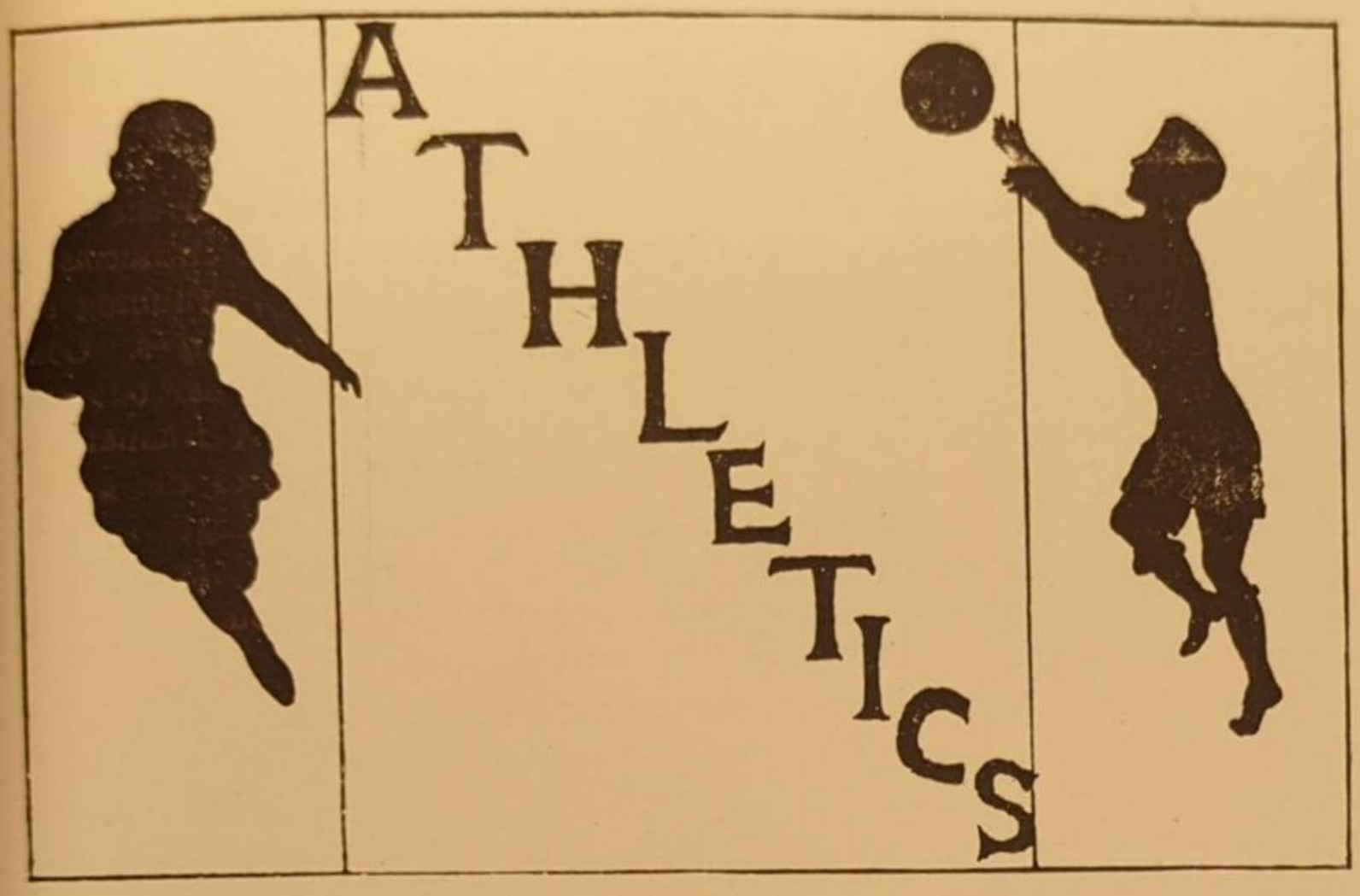
By this time all were getting lank
My! such an appetite,
But there was cider to fill your tank,
And doughnuts—such a sight.

When eats had taxed capacity
There was no room to boast,
So each one showed his loyalty
By rendering his toast.

"More fun I've never had," says one,
This statement brought a cheer,
For it was the sentiment of every one
That we meet again next year.

—Noah Jones, '16.

THE FOOTBALL TEAM.



"A health to the Gridiron, bless her!
She's a mother that's making men;
She turns out none that are weaklings,
She trains them as she can.
And her lads they grow up sturdy,
Their jaws, they are undershot,
And when she gets them ready
They're a rugged, fighting lot."

When the call to practice was given early in the fall of 1915 a very promising bunch of fellows turned out upon the gridiron, for the lure of the pigskin is hard to resist. Among them were some of our old veterans seeking new glories and another "C", while some were new recruits who were to experience for the first time the thrill of batting for C. H. S.

The players who responded to the call were Captain Morton, Blake, Elliott, Pickett, Lorenz, Blair, Leard, Karnath, Haffey, Jones, Hannaford, Walters, Spencer, Philbrick, Everett and Gates. The average weight of the team was 141 pounds.

Practices were long and there was no time for loafing on the field. The hustling squad attracted the attention of the students and even called forth the yelling of the Girls' Rooting Club long before the first game was played.

Seven games were played during the season, the home team scoring 231 points against 21 by its opponents.

The season was opened on October 8, on the home grounds by a game with Hill Military Academy. The score 58-0 in favor of Camas tells its own tale of onesidedness. This game served to show up some of the weak features in the local team in their kicking and forward passes.

The Gresham game on October 9 taxed the lung capacity of the local fans in counting the score, and was too onesided for the most enthusiastic of the local supporters. Camas scored about as they pleased, running up a total of 101 to 0 and crossed the visitors' goal line sixteen times. Goal kicking by Camas was weak, for the pigskin crossed the goal bar but five times, kicked twice by Elliott, twice by Leard and once by Hannaford. The playing of Elliott and Blair was a conspicuous feature of the game. The opponents, however, were out-matched in speed and strength.

The game of October 16 with the team from Washington State School for the Deaf was hotly contested and Camas was justly proud of having wrested a victory from the champions of last year.

Camas kicked off and the ball went to the visitors' 30-yard line. They were forced to punt but retained possession of the ball thru a fumble. Camas quickly got possession and Elliott, aided by good interference, made the first try at the end of about six minutes. The first quarter ended with 6-0 against the Mutes.

The play in the second quarter began with the ball on the visitors 25-yard line and in a few minutes Leard crossed the goal line. Elliot kicked goal. Score 13-0.

The third quarter showed the teams more evenly matched, the visitors showing grim determination. No score was made, and the ball was on the visitors' 33-yard line when time was called.

In the fourth quarter, a successful forward pass resulted in another touchdown for Camas. Goal was kicked. Score 20-0.

A punt and good tackling by the Mutes brought the ball to Camas' 15-line. Camas was forced to punt. The Mutes had the ball on the local 35-yard line and they scored a beautiful field goal. Score 20-3. The game was ended with the ball close to the Mutes goal. Off-side playing and fouling brought penalties to both sides.

The Hood River game on October 22 will long be remembered as one of the hardest fought gridiron battles ever participated in. The Camas team left home, cheered by the whole student body, and the cries for victory were not soon forgotten.

When the teams appeared on the field, it could easily be seen that the Hood River squad had the advantage in years, condition and weight. The Oregon team averaged 154 pounds against Camas' 140. Few were prepared for the surprise which the pluck and excellent team work of the Camas boys brought.

The whistle blew; Camas kicked off and Hood River was quickly forced to punt. Less than two minutes and Camas was dangerously close to Hood River's goal. A lost ball, punting by Hood River, a 22-yard gain by Pickett was followed by Elliott's 15-yard advance. The signal for a try at goal from the field was given. Elliott kicked from the 35-yard line and the pigskin "described a curve over the heads of both teams and lowered squarely over the center of the goal bar." The quarter ended with the ball near the center of the field. Score 3-0 in favor of Camas.

In the second quarter Hood River, by a series of plunges, made gains which brought them to Camas' 10-yard line where they lost the ball. The half ended without additional scoring. Elliott's 50-yard punt and a beautiful tackle by Haffey were features of this quarter.

The kick off by Hood River began the second half. A fumble and Camas lost the ball on her 20-yard line. Nine yards gained by Hood River, Camas again in possession of the ball, ten-, five- and three-yard gains by Elliott, Leard and Blake, and then Hood River again held the ball. A drop for goal failed. From one end of the field to the other the battle surged. The third quarter was over, Score 3-0.

The last quarter—Hood River kicked to Camas' 30-yard line. A forward pass was interrupted by Elliott who punted to Hood River's 30-yard line. The Hood River line was hammered, and gains made by Blake and Elliott brought Camas close to Hood River's goal line.

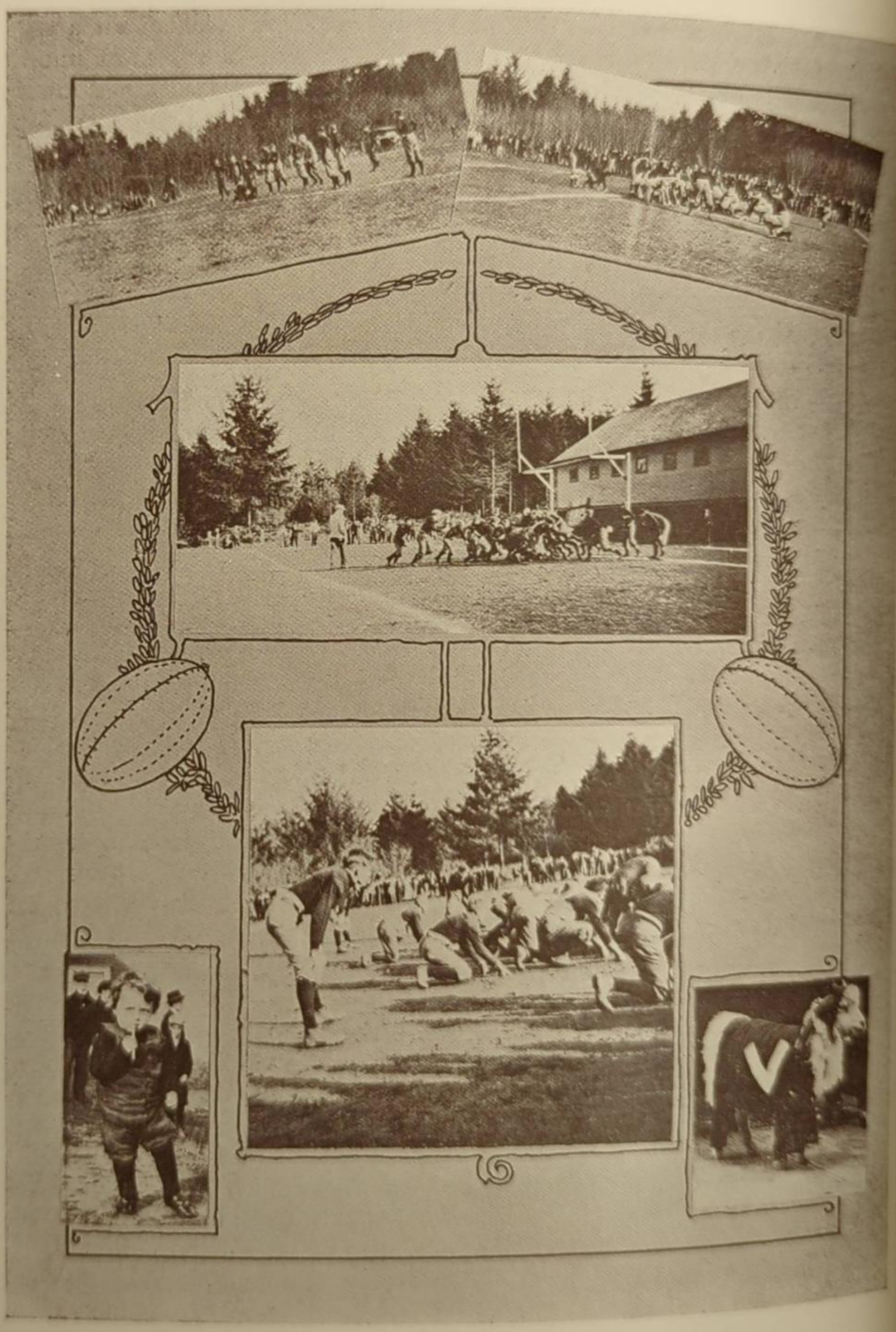
At one point of the game Elliott was tackled close to the side line within a foot of goal. Wriggling, he reached the ball over. The Hood River man, however, had crossed the sideline and contended that Elliott had done so too. The claim was sustained and six points were gone. Long gains by Elliott, Leard and Blake, splendid interference by other members of the team, stubborn defense by Hood River characterized the rest of this period. The game was over, the score was ours, 3-0.

On November 1 the Camas team, accompanied by ten auto loads of rooters, went to Ridgefield to meet the mighty elevn of that place. The playing was slow and ragged, and Camas' line was weak. Twenty-four points were scored by Camas and none by the opponents.

The Vancouver-Camas game was looked forward to with great eagerness by the rooters of both schools and brought out the biggest crowd of the season on the home grounds. Enthusiasm ran high.

When the whistle blew, Camas kicked to Vancouver. Vancouver punted. Leard caught the punt and aided by magnificent interference, he dodged, twisted and wriggled thru their line and scored the first touchdown. No sensational plays, but a gruelling back and forth, with neither side to make yardage, characterized the remainder of the half. Elliott made a few 18- and 20-yard runs, but Vancouver had him smothered from the start.

On the Gridiron



During the second half Vancouver, depending upon weight, hammered the local line for steady gains and soon crowded the ball over Camas' goal line. Goal was kicked and the score stood Vancouver 7, Camas 6.

In the last half the hammering was resumed, and the ball was again carried over Camas' goal. The effort at goal missed and the score stood, Vancouver 13, Camas 6. In a few moments, time was called and our boys had met the first defeat of the season. But the pluck of each and every man never diminished and each fought and played his game hard.

The last game of the season was with the team from Hillsboro, Oregon, and bad weather prevented a crowd from attending. Rain fell almost continually during the game, and fumbles were many. The final score was 19-5 in favor of Camas.

The team of 1915 made a splendid showing and were a credit to their coach, Mr. Jones. Much praise has been justly heaped upon them.

The season of 1915 saw the passing of several veterans of the Camas gridiron. With the class of '16 will go Blake, who has won his "C" four years, and was captain during the season of 1915; Morton, who has won his "C" for three years and was captain this season. Philbrick and Jones also go out. The younger boys of the High School displayed no little ability in their scrub games this year. Upon them now will fall the responsibility of filling up the vacant places and upholding the honor of C. H. S. on the field.

The best of success is wished upon Captain Blair and the team of 1916.

"Football Dope"

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen, Scholars of the Camas High School,

Last but not Least, Members of our splendid team of the past season:

To respond to "Football Dope" really that is a cinch and I could just stand here for hours and pump you full of words relative to that subject.

Really it is a Sero-Bacterin. Not an Antitoxin nor yet a Vaccine. It is like Serobacterins for healthy people. To know football dope one must first be healthy, second they must be broad minded, thirdly they must be possessed of a remarkable self control. These are all desirable attainments. A good football man should make a good citizen. What is there in sport or any allied game that is so applicable in every part as a football game is to our lives—the lives of each and every one of us here?

The preparation for the game means abstinence of those things which tend towards physical harm or degeneration. The practice fits us for perfect action under all sorts of stress and under all sorts of difficulties. The struggle brings forth the best in us. Our best effort. Tempered it must be, for infraction of a rule means penalty that

may cost the game. We must, by clean and manly effort, prove ourselves superior to our individual opponent and collectively we must prove ourselves superior as a team.

Stop and think. Think how that parallels our everyday life. We must use the same care of our bodies that we may have healthy minds to pilot us thru our years of manhood and womanhood. We must practice right acts that purity and justice will always govern our deeds. In the struggle for existence we must not break the rules of civilization or society,—if we do we are penalized. We get set 5 yards or 5 years, or lose prestige that has taken years to acquire. We must, by superior brain work, application and fidelty to our occupations and to our fellow men rise superior to the multitude and seek the pedestal of distinction.

Not to the most worthy do these things always come. The best football I ever saw played was played by a team that lost. Every man played for all he had in him. Every man played with tears streaming down his face,—yet no man sobbed.' No man yielded. They were simply up against an impossible proposition, yet quitting had no place in their minds. They wept not for themselves, but for the cheering thousands in the stands that thundered the shouts of praise to them. No one expected them to win now but even their opponents in the stands burst forth with yells of admiration.

That is life ladies and gentlemen. That is football. That is football dope to the man that knows the game and has left it. A lesson for every phase of human life is there. A lesson that will always be remembered. A football man will always be more generous to a beaten foe, always more temperate and philosophical in defeat, always more determined after defeat, because he is or has been a football man.

Football dope, let us all have much of it. Let us all carry those lessons on the gridiron of experience down with us to our last days of quiet and repose that we may be more true, more worthy and more content.

I thank you for the pleasure of addressing you on this topic. If I have said anything I ought not to have said I am glad of it.

Yours in the faith,

Camas, Wash., Dec. 23, 1915. ARTHUR THAYER.

The Wearing of the "C"

Rose Negretto, '18.

The man that wears the "C"
What a great man he must be,
The man that wears the "C,"
He gets it 'cause he's brave
And helps the Red and Black to wave,
Higher than ever before
In foot ball war,
The man that wears the "C,"
What a great man he must be
The man that wears the "C."
He won it in the field
By saying, "Never yield!"
And when the enemy grew bold
Thinking they had won,
He kicked a goal,
That man that wears the "C."

Off for Hood River

We got there bright and early
On that good old autumn day,
To give the team a hearty cheer
Before they went away.

'Twas the game with old Hood River
The first away that year,
And we were off to do the best
For the team we loved so dear.

"Duffy" owned a little Ford,
So she tucked it under her arm,
And Alex too, brought his along
In his pocket safe from harm.

But they set them down near C. H. S.
And all the team hopped in,
And we walked along and sang and
yelled,
And hoped that they would win.

And the lonesome little Freshies
Found something to do at last,
For they had to push those loaded
Fords,
And they did it decidedly fast.

We brought folks out in their break-
fast caps
To see our gay parade,
As down the street we sang and
yelled,
And the traffic of Camas delayed.

Then soon we reached the station
And as the train pulled out,
We sang of our old C. H. S.
And gave our victory shout.

The result of all this fun and noise?
Well, Hood River put up a hard fight,
But our team came back victorious,
And we met them again that night.

—Hazel Reed, '18.

Basketball

The basketball season for the term of '15 and '16 was shorter than usual on account of the Silver Thaw. For three years the C. H. S. basketball team has never been beaten on the home floor. Of the four games played this year we won the three p'ayed on the home floor and lost only to Yacolt. Those representing the C. H. S. in basketball were Leo Leard, the captain; Albert Blake, Arthur Morton, Ben Pickett, Clyde Johnson, Gus Lorenz and Lawrence Blair. Next year there will be need of new material on the basketball team.

The schedule of the games was as follows:

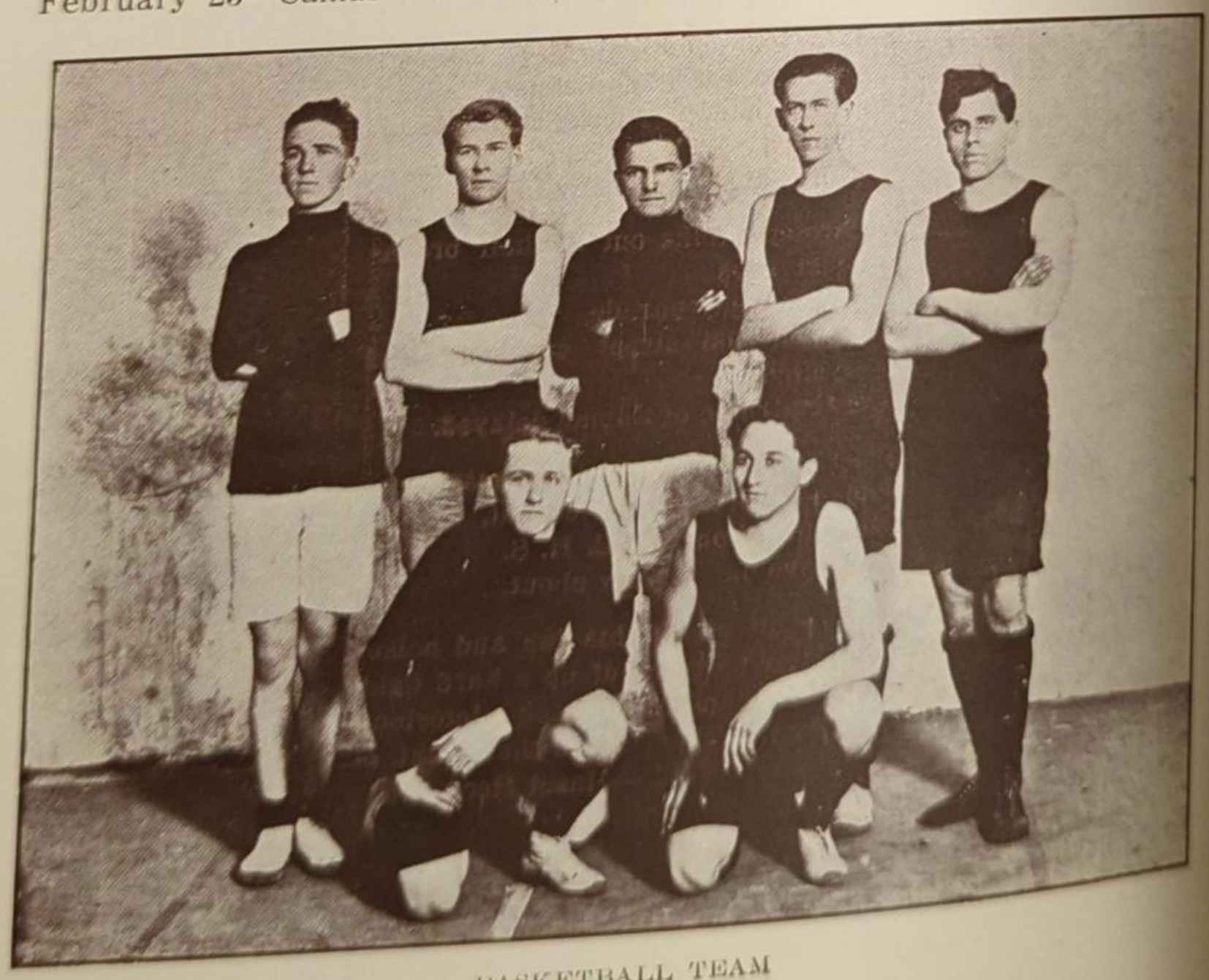
On January 8 the team from the Washington State School for the Deaf was to have played but they failed to arrive.

January 14—Camas vs. Ridgefield, 75-14.

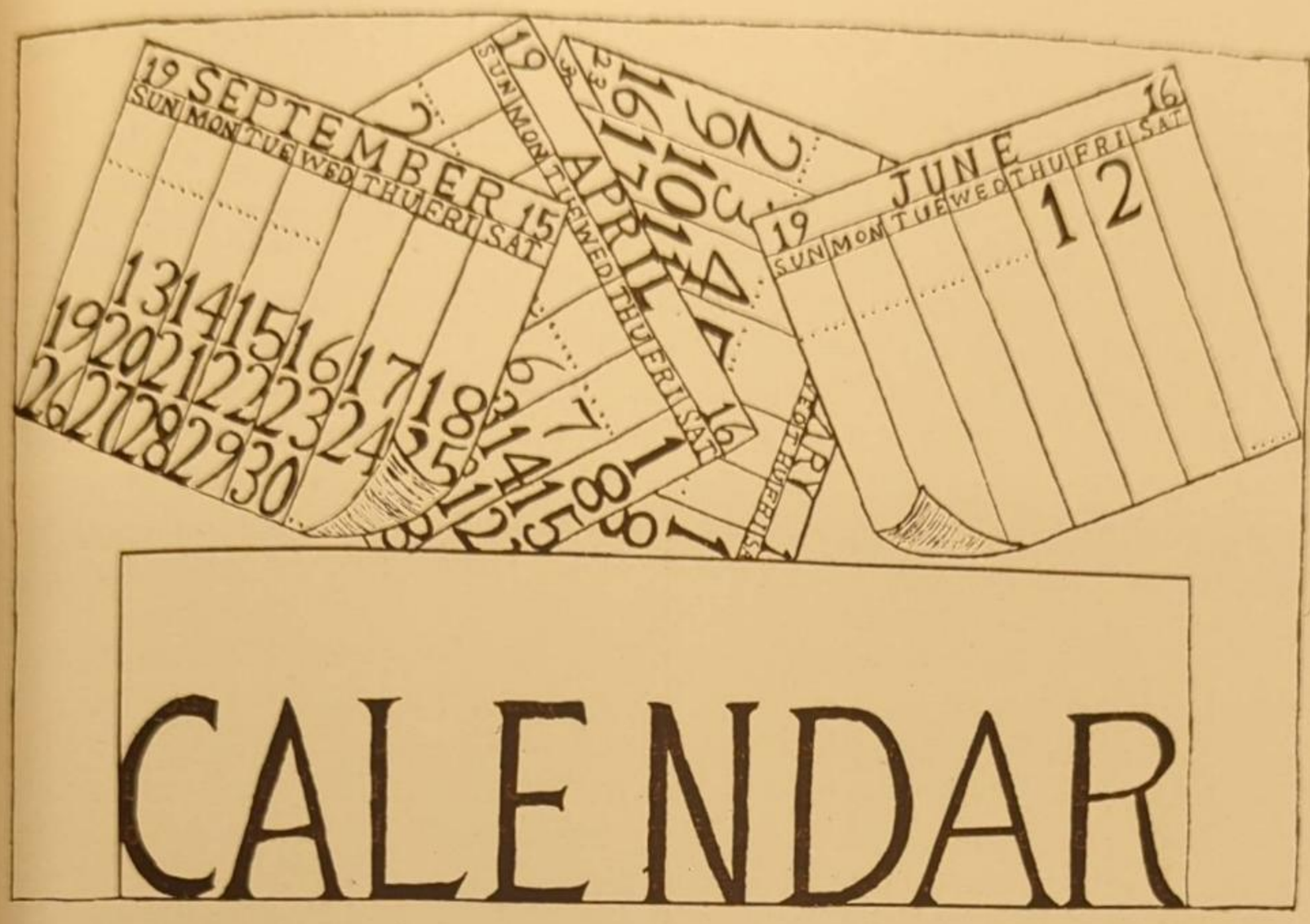
January 21—Camas vs. Franklin, 37-25.

January 28—Camas vs. Benson Polytechnic School, 35-29.

February 25—Camas vs. Yacolt, 19-22.



BASKETBALL TEAM



September 13—A verdant mob, open mouthed, with fear and trembling entered the assembly, the print of mother's kiss still fresh upon their cheeks. Sit down and make yourselves miserable, Freshies. How can we tel the difference between 'Tire and 'Tosh, they're both "canny Scotch?" The student body passed approval of the faculty.

September 14—Gee, its great to be out at one o'clock!' Center rush at Mac's for books.

September 15—A few bashful Freshies from the country strayed into our city!

September 16—Hurrah! We've solved the mystery! 'Tire is the husky with the gift of gab. 'Tosh is Mrs. 'Tosh's husband and is "going to let us regulate the crank." We're with you McIntosh.

September 17—Back to the old grind! The teachers hand out lessons —they certainly haven't forgotten how.

Sept ember 20—Mr. Jones made his appearance in the assembly. We're going to have some school this year.

September 21—Listen! What's the rush? Just Freshies hurrying to class before the three bells ring.

September 22—The Freshies are the first to organize! Howjedoit Leo?

September 23—The Freshies are coming into prominence now.

September 30—Another Junior boy entered school today. Maybe you

can guess his name but we'll tell you, it's Leo Leard, so 1 boy plus 1 boy equals 2 boys in the Junior class.

October 2—Defeated Hill Military Academy 58-0.

October 9—Defeated Gresham 101-0.

October 13—Today the Sophs took a "lay-off" and organized. Their colors are Red and Purple!

October 14—Big rally scheduled for Friday night. Save all your "pep." The Freshies are to build the funeral pyre.

October 15—The Freshies proposed to the upper classmen (now don't get alarmed) to have a tug of war across the ditch immediately after the rally. The challenge was accepted. Result: The lower classmen got a midnight bath. "If you have tears prepare to shed them now." Tonight the Mutes' "hopes" will go up in smoke. Everything is ready for the matches.

October 16—A hard fought game. We have beaten the Mutes, 20-3.

October 18—Four boys at least, aren't pikers, as three of them joined the Yum Yum's and the other one the Chew Chew's.

October 20—Real history dates from today, for the "green and gold" float o'er us once more. The cooking class also exhibited the Junior class colors by combining carrots and peas.

The "send-off" to Hood River is going to be a real live one if we follow Mr. McIntire's suggestions.

High School escorted the team to the depot and cheered the boys until the train had gone. Today records a great victory. The boys "brought home the bacon" from Hood River. The Junior infants will frolic tonight.

October 28—For sale, by Juniors—Candy Benefit Annual Fund!

November 2—Good night! What is that one story-shed for out by the football field?

No wonder its called a grandstand, some of the Juior girls helped shingle it. It was christened by having a general science lesson recited on the roof.

November 4—11 p. m. The Freshman party was a success. Ask the Juniors and Seniors.

November 5—Big rally for the Vancouver game. Red torches, good yelling, lots of "pep," street corner speeches by the faculty and others, and a big audience were features of the evening.

November 6—The Vancouver game is over.

November 8—The Junior girls treated the football boys to candy, just to make them sweet.

November 9—It's great to be a debater! And weren't the faculty nice to banquet them? Ben and Leo became famous for their sherbet.

November 12—The Freshman boys battled with the eighth grade over

a football. They say the Freshman girls helped wonderfully. (None being present.)

November 15—The inter-class debate series is on!

November 17—The Seniors are all right. They had a party last night in the school house. But their parties don't agree with them. Two were absent this morning. The Juniors also had a party. We had some time! Mr. Jones was taken to the hospital today.

November 18—Take a squint at Leo Leard. He looks like an old maid with specks. Keep your hands in your pockets boys if you don't want to get bawled out. The calf or puppy love is out of date.

November 22—Everything dead—no assembly.

November 23—We'll take you up Freshies on your invite to a Thanksving party. Collection for flowers for Mr. Jones while he is in the hospital

November 24—Rev. Storey occupied the assembly by giving a talk on "educatoin." Don't eat too much turkey tomorrow! VACATION.

November 29—Good! Mr. Jones is able to be with us again. What's the yelling in the cellar? Why, don't you know? Basketball practice has started.

November 30—Mr. Burkewall gave us an interesting talk on China this morning. He also explained why the Chinamen wear queues.

December 1—Alex had the misfortune to almost lose an ear. Miss Andrews pulled it for babbling too much to the girls.

December 2—Can you prove the proposition: "I love you?"

December 3—Sniff, sniff, didja catch the odor of that popcorn? The second grade had a sale of it today.

December 6 —Freshmen and Seniors debated! Both teams debated fine but the Freshmen got too nervous and lost.

December 7—The basketball game between the upper and lower classmen girls was played at 2:30. The score was 38-23 in favor of the upper classmen.

December 8 —The Freshman-Junior girls basketball game was postponed.

December 9—Some of the student body invested in a jitney lunch given by the third grade.

December 13—The Juniors occupied the assembly period to boost for the annual.

December 14—Mr. Jones appealed to the high school to send clothes and goodies to the orphans' home.

December 16—It has started snowing for the first time this winter, better have Santa bring a new sled.

December 17—The children in the Washington Home will receive all kinds of fruits, vegetables and clothes. The football boys showed the Faculty, Yum Yum Club and Rooting Club a first rate time at their "feed."

Just Snaps

December 20—The Faculty issued invitations for a football banquet for the night of the 23. They've got three turkeys.

December 22—Say, Hilda, aren't you glad birthdays come only once a year? Poor kid!

December 23—Take McIntire's advice, kids, and notice the mistletoe. Christmas asembly today. At last we get the new victrola. Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.

January 3— Where's Miss Gwilym after the vacation? Got the grippe? Santa Claus brought Ben a nice new red cooking apron. Upon it is printed, "I can make pies like ma," and he certainly does. We can't go into the science room without McIntire's permission, because someone has been meddling.

January 5—McIntire mends sleds while Blake mends hearts and heads.

January 7—The German class is having a good time this week. Mr. Jones either forgets he has a class or has a visitor.

January 10—Miss Gwilym is back again, jolly as ever.

January 11—Rattle, rattle, rattle! First cafeteria lunch served today. Proceeds are for buying silverwae.

January 13—Mid year exams. Everybody is looking out for the word "flunk."

January 14—The Senior-Sophomore debate was held in the assembly this morning. Sophs won. Cafeteria lunch again.

January 17—Who put corn syrup into the inkwells in the language room? Well, we won't say, but Noah and Ben in white aprons and caps washed it out.

January 18—Fire drill today! Cooking class with knives, kettles and dish towe's joined the ranks.

January 19-21—Mid-year exams.

January 22—The Boys Mixer was fine, but it would have been better if the girls had been there.

January 24—Regular student body assembly. The officers of the A. S. C. H. S. were installed. The football boys each received another big, red "C." Whatja think, everyone got thru in Algebra III?

January 25—The Freshies are busy cheering up the new Freshies who came this semester.

January 26—Olive did you find your date muffins? Poor Gerald! Wonder if they tasted good.

January 27—Miss Gwilym is getting busy enough for two desks. She had the second put in today. Security—Miss Hodgins had night locks put on her doors. Wonder what the mice will do. Ask Miss Andrews and the boys.

January 28—Assembly—Mr. Yakel, "the real live wire" showed us how to yell. He's the fellow to go after the sour lookers. Leo Haffey was

elected yell leader. Two assemblies this week to make up for the one lai up with the grippe last week. Double-header on tonight for twenty-fiv cents! A big debate and a good basket ball game.

February 1—Breaking a trail in two feet of snow isn't much of a joke

February 2—About twenty-five braved the sleet to school this morning but were told to return home while returning was good. So a few song were sung and we adjourned.

February 3-8— Snowbound! ! !

February 9—Whee! 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 days of vacation. Thanks Mr. Snow and Sleet. But gee! the old bell rang at eight so we would all be sure and be there. Ha! Ha! Look at the Senior boys' fuzz. They're letting their mustaches grow. Well, they need some kind of decoration.

February 10—Unexpected assembly! Mr. Williams, an expert in penmanship, gave us an interesting talk. Mr. Jones explained to us what the Board of Control is doing.

February 11—The Yum Yum Club has earned enough money from the cafteria lunches to pay for the high school silverware. Coupons are coming rather slow.

February 14—Interesting assembly! Different members of the student body showed their skill at singing, playing and speaking.

February 16—Mr. Twitmeyer, the state inspector, arrived, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Dudley. The cooking classes served a luncheon in their honor. The school board, Mr. Jones and Miss Hodgins were present.

February 21—The Sophomore-Freshman debate was postponed until Wednesday on account of unpreparedness.

February 22—The high school girls formed a hiking club. The first hike is to be Friday afternoon. The girls in the drawing class are trying their skill. The one making the best drawing for the Grand Theatre receives a pass ticket free for one month.

February 23—The debate between the Sophs and Freshies was held during assembly. Freshies won by a 2-1 decision.

February 24—Debate tickets were offered to high school students for ten cents (if they furnish the string) and twenty-five cents for outsiders.

February 25—The last one of our post-graduates quit school today. Sorry to lose you Ben! Girls' Hiking Club took their first hike today at 3 o'clock.

February 28—Mr. Thayer gave a very interesting talk on carbon dioxide during assembly period and performed several experiments.

February 29—The tickets for the show Friday night were passed out at 1 o'clock today. One-half of the proceeds received from the sale of tickets by high school students goes to the Lackamas fund.

March 2—Individual pictures were taken today. The studio was in

McIntosh's office. A grin about a mile long was all you could see when they entered the assembly.

March 6—No assembly today! The Board of Control held their March meeting.

March 7—The funds taken in from the show amounted to $36.65.

March 8—The Yum Yum Club visited Blair's Market. Mr. Gates showed them the various cuts of a quarter of beef. The Sophs won the coupon contest. Congratulations! Over a hundred coupons more than necessary were secured.

March 9—This has been a pretty dry week, but we're hoping for something better.

March 10—The next to the last inter-class debate between the Juniors and Seniors came off today. The Juniors won by a 2-1 decision.

March 13—Judge R. H. Back addressed the assembly this morning on how to make a success in life. Mr. Dudley gave some new ideas concerning the organization of a canning club.

March 14—Mr. Jones gave us a more definite understanding about the 2-3 period.

March 15—Two assemblies in one week! Mr. Kreager, from the Washington State College, gave us a most helpful talk on "Earning a Living." Remember girls: "The honeymoon ends where the soggy biscuit begins."

March 17—Why the long line in front of Miss Nagle's door? The pictures have arrived and each is awaiting his turn to see them.

March 19—The Chew Chews were entertained by the Yum Yums and Freshies at a masquerade party.

March 27—Some one tipped over the rain cloud last week. It was during teachers' institute. Well, we'll suppose everyone enjoyed it.

March 28—Mr. Stevenson, who illustrates and gives demonstrations of Schilling's baking powder, spices, extracts and etc., visited our cooking classes and told us why the best is always better.

March 29—The exams. for the first quarter come on Thursday and Friday—no exceptions. Amuse yourself and don't c-r-a-m!

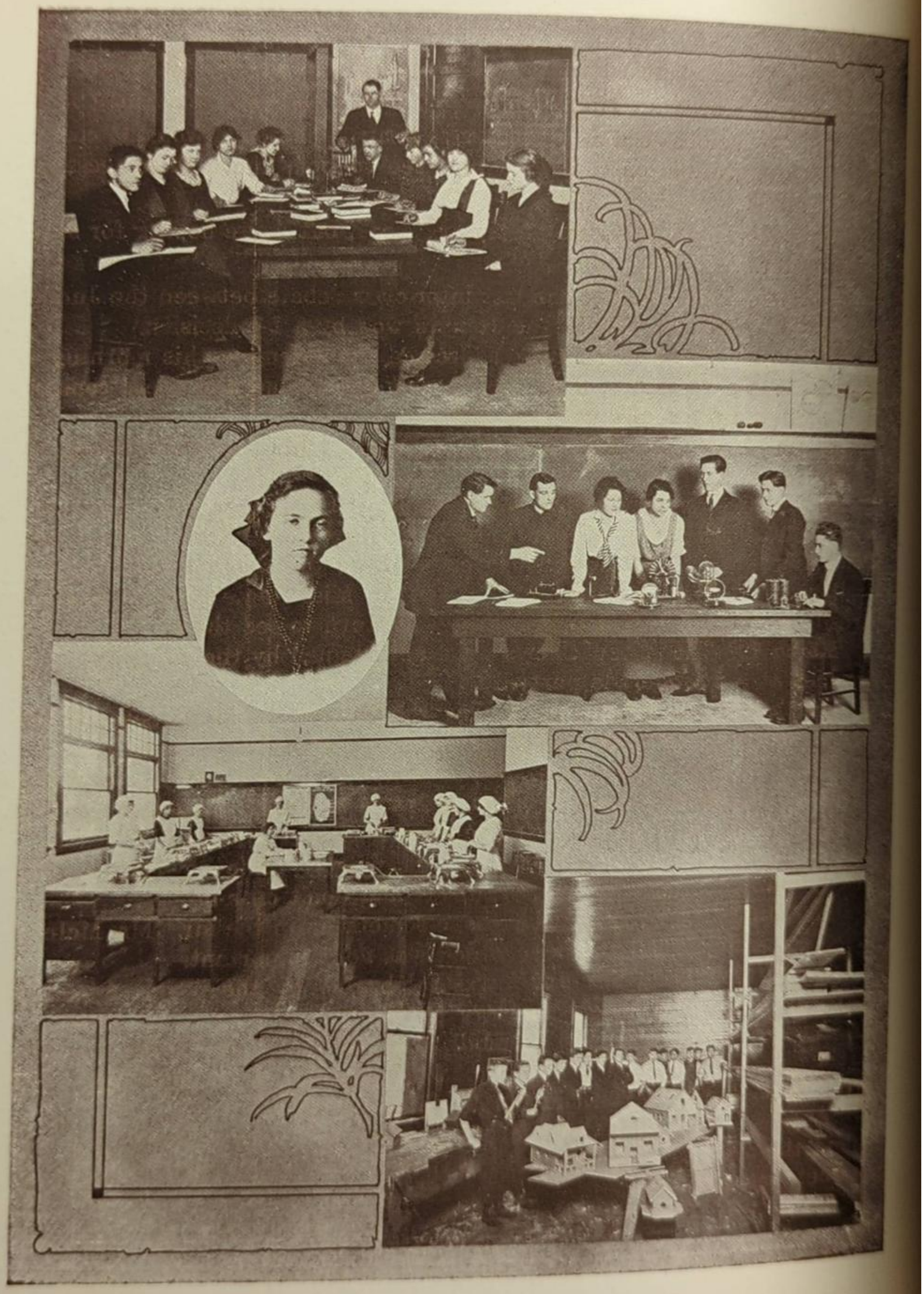
March 30—The boys as usual, have something in the air. Mr. McIntire called a meeting of all the boys which was very important.

March 31—"Loud Sox Day" was celebrated by the boys. A camera, taking colors, would have been very popular.

April 4—Assembly. Mr. Newbill, from Pullman gave a demonstration of the cold pack method of canning. The things were cooked under pressure. His motto is: "You can can anything."

April 6—Yum Yum Club gave a sherbet sale to raise money for their cut in the annual. The Senior boys turned the freezers, so of course, the sherbet was good.

At Work



April 7—Sherbet sale was a success. Our last inter-scholastic debate was held with Vancouver. The C. H. S. team did some hard work.

April 8—All the characters in "Posted" don't believe in stage fright. The play was fine.

April 10—The inter-class debate season closed Friday. The Juniors won the silver cup.

April 11—It's been too dry for evaporation lately.

April 12—Rev. Mr. Kitchen and wife addressed the assembly for a few minutes. Mr. Kellogg, former superintendent of Centralia, gave a reading from Riley. Mr. Fields also gave a short talk. Three class meetings were held at 1 o'clock. Lackamas assessments are due!

April 14—Mr. Lebarge, a noted musician, gave an interesting talk. We wonder if he really knew what he was talking about. Arbor Day was postponed on account of the R-a-i-n.

April 18—"Woodman spare that tree." Mrs. Melville, of Hood River, gave an in teresting talk concerning the preservation of forests and how the coming generation could help—that means us.

April 21—Goodness me! Someone has been in the laboratory again—(but don't tell any one that they spoiled an experiment.)

April 24—Mr. Rank, of Vancouver, gave us some interesting points concerning the early history of Camas. We all like to hear about our old home town.

April 25—The advertisement for the operetta was great. All the follies dressed in their suits paraded from one room to another and sang a song or two.

April 27—The Freshies held a class meeting to appoint a commitee to get some hedge.

May 1—Out door classes were popular today.

May 3—Special assembly! Miss Eloise Hall, of Portland, Mr. Dudley's neice, gave several vocal solos which proved that she is a gifted singer.

May 4—Everything is in a whirl getting ready for the exhibition.

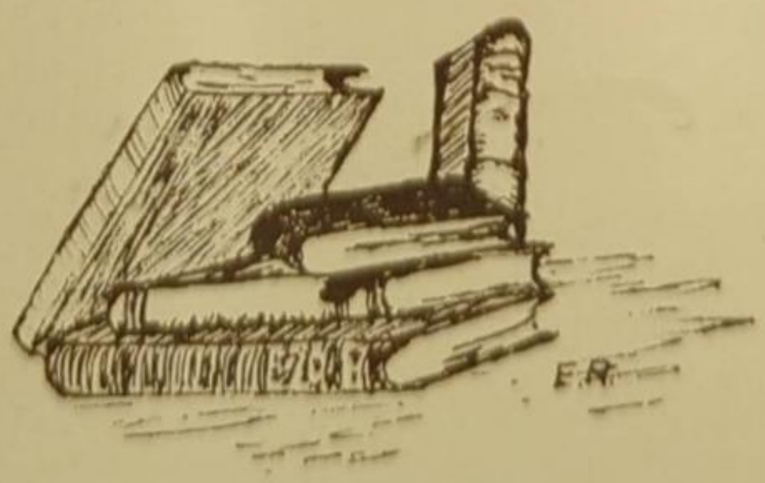
May 5—The halls were crowded with spectators looking at the stu-

May 19—Junior-Senior Party.

May 26—Senior play.

May 28—Baccalaureate.

June 2—Commencement.



"Abandon Hope
all ye
Who Enter Here"

Alex had a little rooster.
He kept him in a pen.
McIntire had a chicken feed,
Oh where was the rooster then?

Teacher—Did you ever put all you know on your test paper?
Gerald H—Yes, and then some.

Harlod B—Whatdaye know about Culebra Cut?
Leo Haffey—I dunno, I never smoked any yet.

When the Boys Gave a Party.

Mr. Jones—I have two pieces of cake on my plate. Which did you make, Ben?
Ben Pickett—The other one.

Veva Knapp (leaning against the radiator)—"I smell cabbage burning."
Ben Pickett—"Well move your head away from the radiator."

Mr. Jones, (speaking to Assembly)—Move down to the front and double up.

Said a Junior in General Science—They tell us in General Science that anything naturally green will grow if frequently dipped in water, but they won't let us try it with the Freshmen.

Heard in the Library.

Borrower—What's it about?
Hilda—Oh, its about a girl, and she got drowned—and fell in love—and—enuff! enuff! !

Veva (in Physics class)—"How long is a yard stick?"

Heard at the Hillsboro Game.

Ina Van Camp—"My, I don't see how those boys get all that dirt off."
Bessie Spencer—"What do you suppose we have a scrub team for?"

Dedicated to Albert Blake

If you don't feel just right,
If you don't sleep at night,
If you moan and sigh,
If your throat is dry,
If your grub tastes like glue,
If your heart don't beat,
If you've got cold feet,
If your head's in a whirl,
Why there must be a girl.—Ex.

Miss Hodgins sent Winifred to the milk depot for some milk. Winnie marched to the local North Bank depot and asked the station agent for a bottle of milk.

A Freshman was wrecked on a lonely isle,
Where a cannibal king held sway;
And they served him up to the chocolate prince,
On the eve of that very day.
But alas for them! for heaven was seen
They were suffering from colic and cramps
For the Freshman was terribly green.

Sing us a song of High School,
A locker full of books.
Some of which we carry home
Just for sake of looks.

Ben Pickett, (hunting in the back of his chemistry book for the appendix)—"This book has been operated on, it hasn't any appendix."

Seniors—Emerald.
Juniors—Moonstone.
Sophomores—Grindstone.
Freshmen—Tombstone.

BOBBY

Mr. McIntire, as you all know,
Teaches at Camas High;
He weighs two hundred pounds or more,
I'm sure that is no lie.
Well, 'tis not of him I wish to write,
But as taught you in the past;
Give the most important first
And the minute at the last.

But getting down to business
And changing personage here,
I'll try to tell you what I want,
I hope you'll never sneer.
McIntire owned a nice white pup
Which followed him to school,
I do not know the reason why,
Perhaps it was to rule.

He had great sport by making kids
Climb up the water pipe;
This showed he liked to hold his own
(His master as a type).
Now "Bobby" was this doggie's name,
Nice curly hair had he,
He was a little Spitz dog,
As cute as he could be.

Well Bobby had no real bad faults,
He was of high esteem,
But you know some boys are always bad
Though such they do not seem.
So a pupil of the C. H. S.
Who was up to having fun,
Took a notion to try his luck
On seeing Bobby run.

He found a battered old tin can
And tied it to his tail,
And then he laughed as hard could be
At watching Bobby sail.

Now I think that this was very mean
To treat poor Bobby so,
No sympathy to dumb brutes,
Nor kindness does it show.
But with all this work it did no good.
For Bobby came once more,
But he always stayed clear of this kid,
At whom he was so sore.

Golda McAllister, '18.

At The Yum Yum Club's Banquet.

Noah Jones—"The girls rooting club should be named cold pork on the menu."

Miss Nagle—"Why?"

N. J.—"Because all porkers are good rooters."

In The Domestic Science Class.

Veva Knapp—"Miss Hodgins, which is the oldest, lamb or mutton?"

Miss Modgins—"Why, mutton is the oldest.'

V. K.—"Well, I dont like mutton because you can taste the cotton in it."

Gabble, gabble, gabble,
Gabble all about
Gabble, gabble, gabble
Till McIntire yells out,
"Quiet in the assembly
Two bells have rung.
Say, you Sophs and Freshies
Are you having too much fun.
Now quit your infernal talking
And looking all about
Now, remember what I say
And please cut it out."

—Joke Editor.

The Bashful Freshies Dirge.

Ain't afraid of roarin' lions,
Ain't afraid of bats,
Ain't afraid of elephants,
Ain't afraid of snarlin' cats.
Ain't afraid of squirrels,
Ain't afraid of tigers,
But I am afraid of girls.—Ex.

(Editor's note—This was put in the joke box by Wesley Payne. We take it for granted that he is expressing his sentiments.)

When McIntire was asked what was the most useful animal he chirped out, "A chicken," because when asked why, replied, "Because you can eat them before they are born or after they are dead."

Winifred Champlin—"Gee, I feel crazy today."

Ben Pickett—"Feeling like yourself again, eh?"

Little rays of sunshine,
Drive away the rain,
Long lessons signed by cranky teachers
Give the Freshies quite a pain.

In Algebra

Mr. McIntosh—"A train going thirty miles an hour leaves a city at 3 p. m.; another leaves at 5:20 p. m., going sixty-two miles an hour. Where will the second strike the first?"

Berl Gates—"At the hind end of the rear car."

Beware.

If you study oft on Sunday
You'll have no harp or wings,
And you'll never go to heaven
Where they have dainty things.
But you'll go to regions sultry,
On the cinder path below,
Where you'll pleasure take in greeting
All the "teachers" you used to know.—
Ex.

Teacher—"Wesley, why should we not breathe through our mouth?"

Wesley—"We would get a draft on our lungths and catth cold."

When it was suggested in German class that a "love story" be the next assignment, objections were made by some students because they had had no experience. Some one suggested that Ruby ought to be able to write one, to which she replied: "I can't get a true perspective on my experience, so don't ask me."

When Veva was on the witness stand in Vancouver and was asked if she saw the dog bite Hilda, answered: "Yes sir, we were walking along and Hilda reached right out and bit the dog.'

Visitor—"You seem to be having considerable trouble with your car."

Mr. Jones—"Yes, its sixty horse-power and fifty-nine of the horses die when they see a hill."

Hilda Knapp—"Leo, Veva acts a perfect fool in Civics class, doesn't she?"

Leo Leard—"No, she acts worse than that.'

H. K.—"How's that?"

L. L.—"Why natural, of course.'

What Hppened to Jones?

Leo Leard—"Hear what happened to Noah Jones?'

Arthur Morton—"What?"

Leard—"Ate some bird seed by mistake at breakfast and then went to sleep in class with his head under his arm."

What Would Happen!

If our football team ever failed to win
  And escaped without a scratch,
If John Mockley ever happened to grin,
  And Ruby wore a dress with a patch.
If Noah Jones didn't blush
  And Estella ceased to giggle,
If Albert neglected his clothes to brush,
  And the Sophomore class started to wiggle.
If every pupil flunked out in Latin,
  And Winifred wore long dresses,
If Hilda should ever dress in satin,
  And Una didn't comb her tresses.
If Arthur became President of United States
  And Stella H. failed to do her duty,
If Veva Knapp made no more dates,
  And Lewis wrote an "Essay on Beauty."
If McIntire lost his voice,
  And McIntosh grew tall,
If Castello were Bessie's choice
  And Joe McAllister played football.
If in Domestic Science we had no lock
  And Leo and Ina were mad,
If Wesley remembered to wind his clock
  And Harold Blake was a gentle lad.
If our yell leader Haffey should lead the yells
  And Gerald should finish school,
If the teachers forgot to ring the bells
  And we hadn't a single rule.
If these things should ever come to pass.
  In the days of bye and bye,
With one accord we'd cry, "Alas,
  This isn't Camas High!"

—Etta Newquist,'17.

'16
A Has Been

'20
A Will Be

Ben Pickett—Mr. McIntire, is the grippe contagious?

Mr. McIntire—Yes, all the traveling men carry it.

The Weight of a Mustache.

Arthur Morton—"I weigh one hundred and sixty pounds."

Philbrick—"Yes you do, you must have had a heavy pair of shoes on when you got weighed."

Morton—"No, its my mustache."

Prof. Jones in Chemistry Lab.—"Gentlemen if anything should go wrong with this experiment, the laboratory and all its contents would be blown heavenward. Come a little closer gentlemen that you may follow me."

At The Junior Candy Sale.

Leo Leard—"Have some candy Miss Andrews?"

Miss Andrews—Took a piece of peanut brittle.

Leo L.—"Take another kind, that is too hard."

Miss Andrews—"No my teeth are not coming out if my hair is."

Miss Andrews (in English)—"Albert, what is the atmosphere of the first scene of this play?"

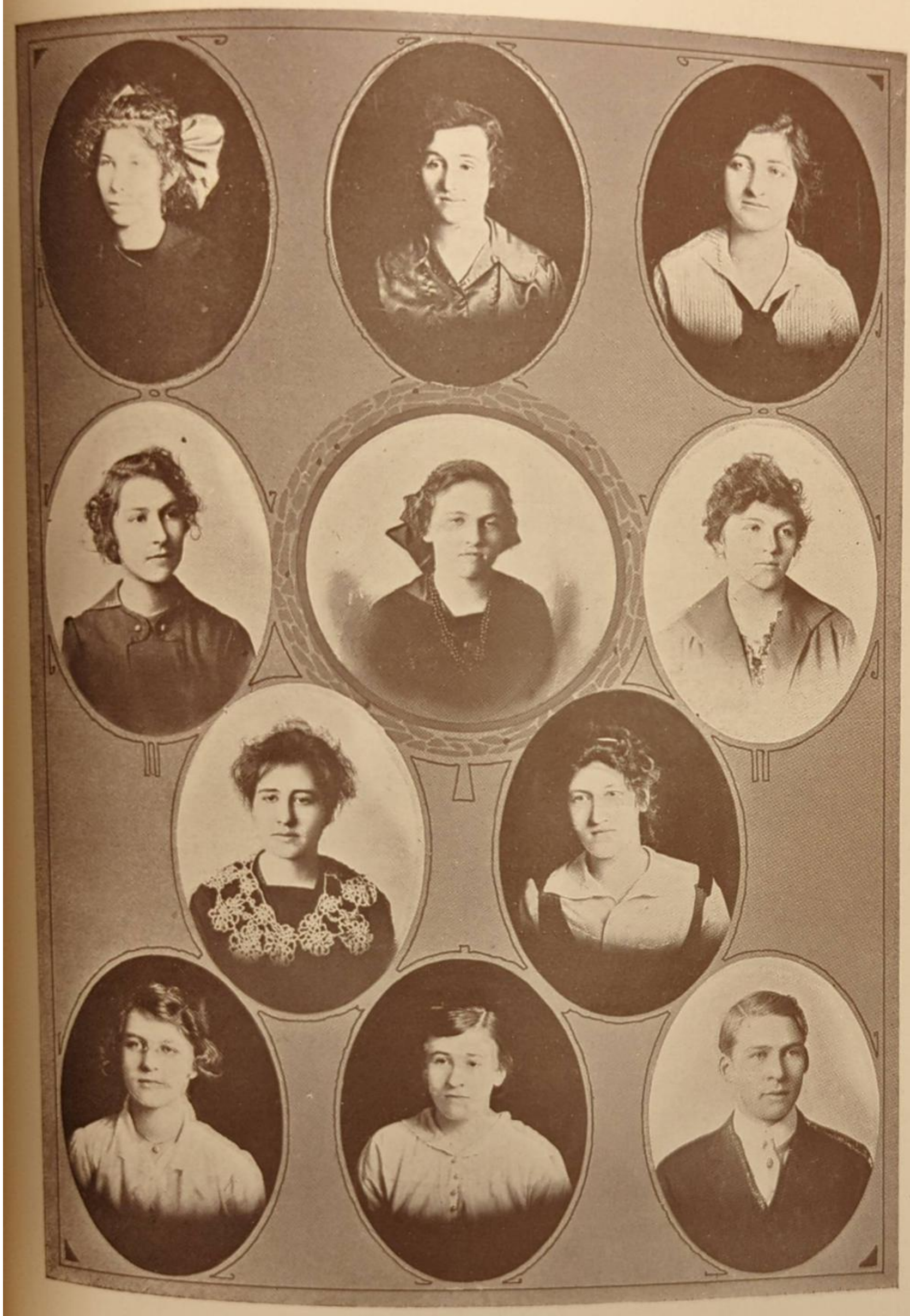
Albert—"Oh, it was a moonlight night, the stars were shining and the wind was very still."

You can always tell a Freshie
By his gasping vacant stare,
And his mouth a hanging open
Getting in the high school air.

Miss Andrews—"Of what use is Domestic Science?"

Gerald Huycke—"It prepares the girls for future life."

The Lakamas Staff



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..... Olive Frame

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An Appreciation

Before this volume of the "Lackamas" is considered complete, the class of 1917 desire to express their sincere appreciation to Miss Gwilym who has given her time, her efforts, and herself to help us make this, the first publication of the Lakamas, a success; and who as class adviser, has been an example to us and whose friendship we shall cherish always.

"HER JUNIORS."

Mt. Hood

I looked from my chamber window
And saw in the distance arise
A mighty peak, and a forest,
As if painted on golden skies.

The snow capped top of the mountain,
All colored in glorious hues,
Reflected the tints of sunset
Like myriads of sparkling dews.

It rose like a marble tower
From the forest and hills nearby,
And lifted its rose tinted heights
To the fading colors on high.

O mountain forever changing
From colors of rose to the blue,
Reflect them now and forever,
So glorious, worthy and true.

—Esther Reed, '18.

THE END

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My Dear Teacher.

Oh, yes I love my teachers
I love them every one,
Long, skinny, fat and slender
Cranky, mad and full of fun.

Oh, yes I love my teachers
I know that they love me,
For I have a private session
It lasts from two to three.

—Alex Jones, '18.

In Commercial Arithmetic Class

Mr. McIntosh—"Helen, give me an example of a compound number."

Helen Mosier—"One bushel, two quarts and one pint."

Mr. McIntosh—"All right, William give me another."

William Elliott—"Three horses, two dogs and a cat."

Lewis Philbrick went into the bank to cash a check. When the cashier told him to endorse it, Lewis wrote on the back—"I heartily endorse this check."

Lewis Philbrick (at Noah's house)—"My, that lemon pie smells good." He stooped over to smell it when, smash his face was one mass of lemon pie.

A. M. BLAKE

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733

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MAIN 1896

Lawrence Blair—"I asked Evelyn Grimes if I could see her home."

Earl Tucker—"And what did she say?"

L. B.—"She said she would send me a picture of it."

Albert Blake—"I almost got electrocuted in the Physics Lab. this morning."

Monselle Bartow—"Oh, how did it happen."

Albert B.—"I stepped on a cookey with a currant in it."

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